



No. 254.—Vol. XX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS LADY BABBIE IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER,"

AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE AUTUMN THEATRE.

This week *The Sketch* presents its readers with another of those pictorial supplements dealing with the theatre which has made it famous; for on the eve of the pantomimes it seems a fitting time to reckon up the dramatic gains of the autumn of the vanishing year. If nothing of the first class has been given us, several financial successes have been put on, beginning with "One Summer's Day," which opened the month of September at the Comedy, and remains by far the prettiest play of the season. In the first week of October the critics trudged doubtfully to the Royalty one night, but left it with the conviction that "Oh! Susannah" was going to keep Dean Street crowded o' nights for many a month to come. A poor play, but what a revelation in the acting of Miss Louie Freear as the pathetic down-at-heel slavey! Indeed, this is the only notable piece of acting this season, with the possible exception of Miss Eva Moore in "One Summer's Day," and of Mr. Mark Kinghorne as Sneeky Hobart at the Haymarket. On the following night (Oct. 6) Mr. Wyndham produced "The Liars"—not by any means Mr. Jones's best effort, for he seems to have lost heart since the vanishing of the memorable Michael, but popular at the booking-office. The same remarks apply to Mr. Carton's play, "The Tree of Knowledge," at the St. James's, produced on Oct. 25. On Nov. 7 the lucky lessees of the Haymarket went forward again to another fortune by means of "The Little Minister," which had already made a great "hit" in New York. "Never Again," the twin of "A Night Out," seems likely to rival the success of that wild *olla podrida*; but, at the Gattis' other house, "In the Days of the Duke" failed to catch on, possibly because the authors had written down beneath the intelligence of the Adelphians.

Besides these well-assured successes, mention must be made of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet, at the Lyceum. Another new

manager appeared in the person of Mr. Arthur Collins, who has made a "hit" with "The White Heather," inaugurating his career at Drury Lane. A passing flutter was caused by the race across the Atlantic of the two plays of Chinese life, "The Cat and the Cherub," at the Lyric (and now transferred to the Royalty), and "The First-Born,"

at the Globe. The first-born was the last-born, and died prematurely, to the regret of nobody, perhaps, save the American manager. The much-talked-of revival of comic opera has not been a conspicuous success. "La Périchole" vanished from the Garrick last Saturday, being replaced (at the Savoy) by a revised form of "The Grand Duchess," while "The Scarlet Feather" has been welcomed more on account of its Australian producers than for its inherent value. Nor had the operatic endeavours of Mr. Hedmond at Her Majesty's, nor the Carl Rosa Company at Covent Garden, the success one might have expected, although the production of "Diarmid" made the season rather notable at the latter house. The growing tendency to produce a new play in the suburbs was witnessed when "The Vagabond King" was put on at the Theatre Metropole, Camberwell, on Oct. 18, to be transferred on Nov. 4 to the Court, where its reign was brief. It had a great deal of fantastic charm about it, and *The Sketch*, for one, regrets its disappearance. Yet Mr. Parker is not long out of the ranks, for his new play, "The Happy Life," was put on at the Duke of York's on Monday. "The Children of the King," also at the Court, was unfortunate, though after a few nights' run it was revived on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of little folk. In the provinces Mr. Gilbert produced the unfortunate "The Fortune Hunter"; while at the Grand Theatre,

Islington, the dramatisation of Mr. A. E. Mason's novel, "Morrice Buckler," was produced on Monday. "The Geisha," "The Circus Girl," and "The French Maid" still run; while within the next week or two a whole host of Christmas entertainments will struggle for patronage.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND MR. J. M. BARRIE.

Photo by Barrauds, Limited, Oxford Street, W.



MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE AND MR. STANDING IN "THE LIARS."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS LENA ASHWELL AND MR. CARSON IN "THE VAGABOND KING."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

NOW READY.

THE

Christmas Number

OF

THE SKETCH

CONTAINING

STORIES

By S. BARING-GOULD, BARRY PAIN, OUIDA,
ROBERT HICHENS, MORLEY ROBERTS,

And Other Eminent Writers.

A BEAUTIFUL COLOURED SUPPLEMENT

AND

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS PRINTED IN COLOURS

BY

DUDLEY HARDY,
A. L. BOWLEY,
C. SAINTON,
EDWARD READ,

ROBERT SAUBER,
L. RAVEN-HILL,
OSCAR WILSON,
OATES WHITELOW.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT'S NEW NOVEL.

THREE EDITIONS EXHAUSTED!

A Fourth Edition Ready in a Few Days.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

HIS GRACE OF OSMONDE.

Being the Portion of the History of that Nobleman's Life omitted in the Relation of His Lady's Story presented to the World of Fashion under the title of "A Lady of Quality."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

HIS GRACE OF OSMONDE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

The DAILY TELEGRAPH of Nov. 24 says: "All the indefinable charm of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's treatment of women and children appears again in this volume of hers. She fascinates us from the first pages."

The DAILY MAIL of Nov. 23 says: "Gerald Mertoun, Duke of Osmonde, is a veritable King Arthur of the seventeenth century, brave, manly, high-souled, stately, and yet as joyous of nature as he is blameless in life; he is a winning, lovable, and princely figure, well drawn and well rounded."

Edited by ANDREW LANG. Illustrated by LESLIE BROOKE.

The NURSERY RHYME BOOK.

Large Square 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top. With upwards of 100 Illustrations.

The WORLD says: "Mr. L. Leslie Brooke, who can draw for children as well as anyone on this side of the Channel, has done a hundred illustrations for the book."

AS USED BY THE ADMIRALTY, THE WAR OFFICE, AND LLOYDS.
JUST PUBLISHED.

THE FLAGS OF THE WORLD:

Their History, Blazonry, and Associations. By F. E. HULME, F.L.S. With 454 Illustrations in Colours, comprising Examples, Mediæval and Modern, from the Banner of the Crusader to the Burgee of the Yachtsman; Colours—Imperial, National, and Colonial, Naval and Mercantile; Regimental Colours; The Practice of Flag Signalling in the Army and Navy; and Flag-lore gathered from divers sources, Ancient and Modern, and every item of interest connected with this fascinating subject is given.

An EDITION DE LUXE, limited to 350 copies, with all the Coloured Examples mounted on Plate Paper, royal 8vo, cloth, 42s.; also in square crown 8vo, 6s.

FREDERICK WARNE and CO., Chandos House, 15, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

MESSRS. H. S. NICHOLL'S PUBLICATIONS.
NOW READY.

*BURTON, CAPTAIN SIR R. F.—THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. In 12 vols., royal 8vo. Illustrated by a series of 71 Photogravure plates, reproduced from the original paintings, specially painted by Albert Letchford. Price £10 10s. net.

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS to "The Arabian Nights." Reproduced from the Pictures in Oils specially designed and painted by Albert Letchford. These exquisite Plates are suitable for illustrating either Burton's, Payne's, Lane's, or Galland's translation of this work, and are supplied either bound in a volume (royal 8vo) or loose in a portfolio. Price £3 3s. net.

*CELEBRATED CRIMES. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. In 8 vols., large post 8vo. Illustrated by 51 Photogravures, handsomely bound. Price £4 4s. net. Particulars of grand and choice Editions de Luxe upon application.

THE NUDE IN ART. A Magnificent Collection of 45 Remarque Proofs, reproduced by the Photogravure Process, comprising the *chef d'œuvre* of the most famous painters of the Nude. Complete in one volume, atlas folio, price £4 4s. net. This work is also issued in 12 Parts, at 7s. per Part, and the subscriber can arrange to have the Part delivered at the rate of one per week, fortnight, or month, or in any other manner most convenient to himself. Subscriptions, however, can only be received for the complete work in 12 Parts.

*THE VOLUMES of either of these Works can be had either complete in one parcel or at the rate of one volume per week, fortnight, or month, as most convenient to subscriber.

Catalogue and Prospectuses containing full particulars of all of the above, as well as of all of the other choice and interesting Publications issued by H. S. Nicholls, Limited, will be sent post free on application.

H. S. NICHOLLS, Ltd., 39, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., and 62A, Piccadilly, London, W.

THE ART ANNUAL for 1897.

Price 2s. 6d., or cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.:

HIS LIFE AND WORK. By JAMES STANLEY LITTLE. Being the "Art Annual, 1897," or Christmas Number of the "Art Journal." With 4 Full-Page Plates, separately printed: "TROUBLE," "NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE 'BELLEROPHON,'" "A SOCIAL EDDY," "HARD HIT," and 59 other Illustrations of his Principal Works, &c. *Édition de Luxe*, printed on Japan paper, and limited to 250 Numbered Copies handsomely bound in watered silk cloth, price 12s. 6d. net.

Cloth Gilt, Bevelled Boards, Gilt Edges, 21s.

THE ART JOURNAL VOLUME for 1897.

With nearly 500 Illustrations and Full-Page Etchings, Photogravures, &c., after the following

Eminent Artists:

Sir J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A., BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., HENRY WOODS, R.A., PETER GRAHAM, R.A., W. P. FRITH, R.A., J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A., E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A., R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., J. McNEILL WHISTLER, J. HENRY HENSHALL, JOHN A. LOMAX, Miss MARGARET DICKSEE, J. B. C. COROT, and P. A. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

PREMIUM PLATE FOR 1897.

"AN IDYLL OF 1745," AFTER SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

Each purchaser of THE ART JOURNAL VOLUME for 1897 is entitled to a large Etching (about double the size of a page of the *Graphic*) by WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A., of the above subject, on receipt by the Publishers of 2s., together with Voucher inserted in volume. Voucher and remittance to be sent to Publishers before June 30, 1898.

Remarque Artist's Proofs of above Plate, signed by Etcher and stamped by the Printers' Association, Price £5 5s.

London: J. S. VIRTUE and CO., Ltd., 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30,
THE LITTLE MINISTER.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15,
A MAN'S SHADOW.
Mr. TREE in the DUAL ROLE of LAROCHE and LUVERAN.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
SPECIAL WEDNESDAY MATINEES TO-DAY and Dec. 15.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG
and TREASURE ISLAND.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.45.ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, DONNYBROOK
and THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.
Exceptional Variety Programme. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA, the English Trouville.—The coming Christmas Holidays.—THE SACKVILLE, the only hotel on De La Warr Estate (East Front), adjoining Kursaal. Cycling Boulevard and Golf Links.
Highest class Hotel without extravagant charges.
Tariff on application to Manager.

CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.
In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.
Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.
English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.
The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary, their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and £15 15s. (Ladies'). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—Mild Climate and only twelve hours from London. Casino open as usual with Concerts, &c. Excellent sport. Tobogganing, Hunting. High-class hotels at greatly reduced inclusive tariff. Finest iron baths in Europe. Sure cure for: Anæmia and Weakness. For all particulars address JULES CREHAY, Sec., Casino, Spa, Belgium.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris. (1 & 2) * (1, 2, 3)			Paris to London. (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3)		
Victoria ...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	... 9 45 p.m.	Paris ...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	... 9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ...	10 0 "	... 9 55 "	London Bridge ...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	... 7 40 a.m.
Paris ...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	... 7 45 a.m.	Victoria ...	" 7 0 "	... 7 50 "

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

* Commencing Jan. 1, 1898, this Night Service will leave Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m., arriving in Paris 7.15 a.m.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—

TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s., or Pullman Car, 12s.

TO EASTBOURNE.—EVERY SUNDAY Cheap Day Tickets from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EAST-BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-Day.

FROM VICTORIA—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., 3.26 p.m. (4.30 p.m. to Eastbourne and Bexhill, and 5.40 p.m. and 7.50 p.m. to Eastbourne only), and 9.45 p.m.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., 5.5 p.m. and 9.55 p.m., also 8 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of availability of all above Cheap Tickets, see Time Books and Handbills.

London Bridge Terminus. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

JUST PUBLISHED.

With 16 Plates and 36 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

RACING AND 'CHASING.

A COLLECTION OF SPORTING STORIES.

By ALFRED E. T. WATSON, Editor of the "Badminton Magazine."

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per Annum can be entered at any date.

The Best and most Popular Books of the Season are now in Circulation
Prospectuses of Terms Free on Application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT:

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always on Sale (Secondhand).

Also a Large Selection of Books in Leather Bindings suitable for Birthday and Wedding Presents.

BOOKS EXPORTED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET; 241, Brompton Road, S.W.;
48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and at 10-12, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

SMALL TALK.

This day fifty-six years ago, a certain little boy, aged thirty days, was created by patent "the Most High, Most Puissant, and Most



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1849.

From a Medal by Benjamin Wyon.

Illustrious Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester." He was not created Earl of Dublin until the following January. Herewith I give the earliest medallie representation of his Royal Highness. You will find it on the medal which was issued to commemorate the opening of the Coal Exchange by Prince Albert, on behalf of the Queen, on Oct. 30, 1849. The obverse of the medal, which was designed by Benjamin Wyon, contains portraits of Prince Albert and the Queen, with the Prince of Wales, then a boy of eight, facing his sister, the future Empress

of Germany, both of whom accompanied their father on the occasion.

The retirement of Sir William Robinson, Governor of Hong-Kong, is making an extraordinary number of changes among our colonial Governors—indeed, it seems like that climax to an old-fashioned game dear to the heart of youth, when "the Postmaster has ordered a General Post." Sir Henry Blake goes from Jamaica to Hong-Kong, while Sir Augustus Hemming, who not so long ago left the Colonial Office for British Guiana, leaves that colony for that vacated by Sir Henry Blake. To fill the post of Sir Augustus Hemming, Sir Walter Sendall, who for some years has been High Commissioner in Cyprus, has been chosen, and to Cyprus will go Sir F. Haynes Smith, from the Bahama Islands. The last "vacant chair" in this Christmas game, that of the Bahama Islands, will be filled by Sir Gilbert Carter, late Governor of Lagos. Sir William Robinson, whose retirement gives rise to these multitudinous moves, is some sixty-one years of age, and has filled various posts in the Colonial Office, as well as the Governorships of the Bahamas, the Barbadoes, and Trinidad, in addition to that of Hong-Kong, which he vacates.

A pretty wedding was that which took place at the Church of St. Peter, Eaton Square, on Nov. 25, when Major David Alexander Kinloch, of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Sir Alexander Kinloch, of Gilmerton, Haddington, led to the altar the beautiful and popular daughter of the late Colonel W. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., of Capesthorpe, Cheshire. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport, M.P.

The recent money-lending case—some of the particulars of which have been club gossip for a considerable time past—show, in one respect, a reverse side to the picture of the money-lender as portrayed in the late Parliamentary inquiry. The Lord Chief Justice in his summing-up paid what may be considered a high tribute to the probity and straightforwardness of the plaintiff, Mr. Sam Lewis, of Cork Street. For a judge to say of a money-lender that "for thirty years he had been at the same address, and there had not been one syllable alleged against him in cross-examination by the counsel for the defence in regard to past transactions, and it had not been attempted to be shown that he had been guilty of dishonourable or dishonest conduct," is high praise indeed, but praise in which all who know the genial plaintiff will, I fancy, concur. The answers of the jury to the questions placed before them will hardly



MISS BROMLEY-DAVENPORT.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

tempt the absent Lord William Nevill to return to his friends in this country, and the result of the trial must be matter for sincere sympathy with his family, who bear an honoured name. At the time of writing it seems a little uncertain whether Mr. Sam Lewis or the defendant, Mr. Spender Clay, whose signature was obtained in a manner which would have evoked some ridicule in an Adelphi melodrama, will lose the considerable sums of money involved in the action, but, if all accounts be true, the actual money loss can be but of little importance to either of the gentlemen in question.

Two charming water-colours of Leipsic, which Mendelssohn made in 1844 and 1847, are reproduced in facsimile in the current issue of the *Musical Times*. Another facsimile supplement is made of a quaint musical drawing, in which Mendelssohn pictured a Scot blowing the bagpipes for all he was worth.

In the current number of that excellent newcomer, the *Genealogical Magazine*, I notice that the Marquis de Ruvigny and Raineval contributes an article on his family. The Marquis edited the *Legitimist Kalendar*, which appeared in 1894 and 1895. What has come of it since? It struck me as being very interesting, and it anticipated Lord Rosebery's suggestion for a list of the honours supplied by the Stuart Court at St. Germain.

In these quick *fin-de-siècle* days there must be some short-cuts to fortune. Miss Clara Hawkes was a student of the Royal Academy; and her first picture exhibited—a very clever study of a skirt-dancer—was hung upon the line, and subsequently published by Hanfstaengl. Her



THE MAHARANEE OF GONDAL.

From a Painting by Miss Clara Hawkes.

portrait of the Mayor of Swansea was in the Cardiff Exhibition last year; in the Grafton Galleries this year was a portrait of Miss Letty Lind, which was very favourably reviewed by the critics; and several of her pictures were at the Earl's Court Exhibition. Miss Letty Lind was a sitter more than once, and companion portraits of herself, both in burlesque dress and incomparably dainty, are quite in the spirit of the best French school. But the success which has brought the artist into prominence just now is the portrait of the Maharanee of Gondal, a large three-quarter-length picture of a woman almost as fair as a European, but with the satiny skin which only

Indians have, and melting dark Eastern eyes. She is intelligent as well as good-looking, and her draperies of pale lilac and sea-green, with glittering embroideries, are accentuated in tone by a touch of terra-cotta velvet and the bright bits of turquoise-blue ribbon attached to the order presented to her lately by the Queen. It is a daring mixture of colours, but all so cunningly mingled that it only gives an idea of the luxurious beauty which we are accustomed to associate with our ideas of the gorgeous East. Miss Hawkes has been invited to spend a year at the Court of Gondal, to paint the Maharajah and other members of the royal family.

Edvard Grieg, the distinguished Norwegian composer, as his name suggests, claims kinship with the northern portion of the United Kingdom. Over a century ago his great-grandfather left Fraserburgh, settled in Norway, and changed his name of Greig to Grieg. The eminent pianist has been deterred from visiting Scotland as frequently as he should like from the aversion he has for the sea. He owns to being the worst of sailors, and will never forget, he tells, the night of horrors he once endured in crossing from Bergen to Aberdeen. Grieg's Norwegian home is situated a few miles from Bergen; Trolldhang, or the "Witches' Hillock," he has named it. Over the entrance to the house, which is surrounded by heather knolls and birch plantations, and overhanging one of the numerous lakes in the district, are painted the words, "Edvard Grieg wishes to be left alone till three o'clock." A considerable portion of his work is accomplished in a little building, fitted up with the scores of Wagner, a piano, and his favourite books—Grieg, by the way, is an admirer of Carlyle—which he had erected some time ago in a corner of his grounds. Like not a few distinguished men, Edvard Grieg has falsified the predictions of the doctors, who declared of the composer in early life that he was in consumption. He is, however, very careful in his habits of life. He goes very little into society, and consequently refuses numerous invitations.

Sotheby's hammer has rattled over many things in its day. Last Saturday week the notorious Letters of "Junius" were knocked down for £431. There were altogether 276 epistles, including forty-one indited by Sir Philip Francis to his cousin and brother-in-law, Alexander

Macrabie, at Philadelphia, and fourteen to his cousin, Major Baggs, in India. Many of those addressed to the former were of a remarkable character, and the frequent allusions made to "Junius," the American War of Independence, the Middlesex Election Controversy, John Wilkes, and the quarrel which led to Sir Philip's duel with Warren Hastings, are full of historical interest. One, perhaps, of the most extraordinary in this series, if the popular supposition be true, was that which Sir Philip addressed to his cousin in Philadelphia on June 12, 1770. In it occurred the following passage—

Junius is not known, and that circumstance is, perhaps, as curious as any of his writings. I have always suspected Burke, but, whoever he is, it is impossible he can ever discover himself. The offence he has given (to his Majesty and the Duke of Grafton) is more than any private man could support. He would soon be crushed.

CATALOGUE
OF
Forty-one Autograph Letters
FROM
SIR PHILIP FRANCIS,
TO
HIS COUSIN AND BROTHER-IN-LAW, ALEXANDER
MACRABIE, AT PHILADELPHIA,
And others addressed to his Cousin, MAJOR BAGGS,
CONTAINING
MANY MOST INTERESTING REFERENCES TO JUNIUS,
Letters from other supposed Authors of Junius,
VIZ.—
LORD BARRINGTON, EDMUND BURKE, WILLIAM BURKE,
WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM), JOHN HORNBY, AND
ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN (LORD LOUGHBOROUGH)
WHICH WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
BY MESSRS.
SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
AT THEIR HOUSE, NO. 19, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.
On SATURDAY, the 27th day of NOVEMBER, 1897,
AT ONE O'CLOCK PRECISELY
MAY BE VIEWED TWO DAYS PRIOR. CATALOGUES MAY BE HAD.
ON THE FIRST, 1, DAVY & SONS, 71, LOMB AVE., LONDON, W.C.

THE LETTERS OF "JUNIUS."

At the outset the auctioneer offered the entire collection of 276 letters in one lot at a reserve price of 500 guineas. No offer being forthcoming, the auctioneer proceeded to dispose of the documents in detail. Letters of Sir Philip Francis to Macrabie fetched £150, and those to Major Baggs £50. The remainder were sold singly, and realised only moderate prices.

Last Monday week was the centenary of the birth of Donizetti, but it was left to Paris to celebrate the occasion by performing "La Fille du Régiment" for the thousandth time.

While this takes place in the capital of France (said the Rome Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), no sign of remembrance of the great man is given in Italy; not in Bergamo, where the modest house still stands in which he was born; nor in Rome, which he considered his home, for Virginia Vasselli, whom he loved so passionately, was a Roman; nor even in Milan or Naples, the towns where his glory was first revealed. Everyone here is occupied with the reopening of Parliament, and has no time to think of the man who in about a quarter of a century composed sixty-five operas.

That is the sort of paragraph that makes me moralise—

The Rome of Cæsar crowned with bays
The heroes who increased her might—
The poet for his stately lays,
The soldier victor in the fight.
To-day it has no fair confetti
To grace the tomb of Donizetti.

The critics long have lost the ear
Which found Rossini charmed and sweet;
E'en Verdi in his early sphere
Is almost always judged effete,
And all the skill of Donizetti
Is voted crude and alphabetty.

For Wagner's noiseful rule has come,
And waked the world with blaring brass,
The tuba, trombone, horn, and drum
Have silenced silver strings, alas!
And all his strident strength makes petty
The dulcet airs of Donizetti.

The Venusberg and all the gods,
Or Lohengrin, are now a-tour,
And no one thinks of laying odds
On "Lucia di Lammermoor."
We're told it's foolish and duetty,
This masterpiece of Donizetti.

The very schoolboy whistles o'er
The Intermezzo, note for note,
And Bizet's braggart toreador
Is daily heard from every throat;
But poor old Signor Donizetti
Is *not* piano-organetty.

'Tis ever thus; what prophet hath
The honour that is his by right?
The oak to-day—to-morrow's lath;
And day must always turn to night.
But shall the darkness dour and jetty
Blot out our dainty Donizetti?

I am astonished to find how completely the Death Duties fail to commend themselves to the British public. While I can quite understand that no man likes to be mulcted of eight per cent. of his good-looking, hard-earned wealth while he lives and may require it for himself, the dislike of what will happen when he has no further personal

interest is astonishing. During the past few weeks I have come across several instances of disposal of property previous to departure from this wicked world. One dear old lady whom I met recently had come up to town from her country-house in mid-November to make over some valuable house-property to her two sons. A gentleman of my acquaintance recently transferred a quantity of railway and other stock to his children, and left himself at the early age of sixty-two a comparative pauper. When I remonstrated, he smilingly assured me that he knew his children better than I did, and that they would give him everything he wanted. Rumour has it that Sir Francis Cook, otherwise known as the Marquis of Montserrat in the peerage of Portugal, head of the firm of Cook, Son, and Co., Limited, has parted with two millions of money to his children, and thereby left the poor Government to mourn the loss of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. I am very anxious to see what the Government will do when it finds how the wit of men is equal to the devices of Ministers. They must feel like the men playing chess who cry "Checkmate!" too soon, and all others of the noble race who count chickens before they are hatched. What will Sir William Harcourt do when he some day returns to power and week after week reads a shabby list of recent wills in the *Illustrated London News*? Really he has all his work cut out this time to catch the man in the street.

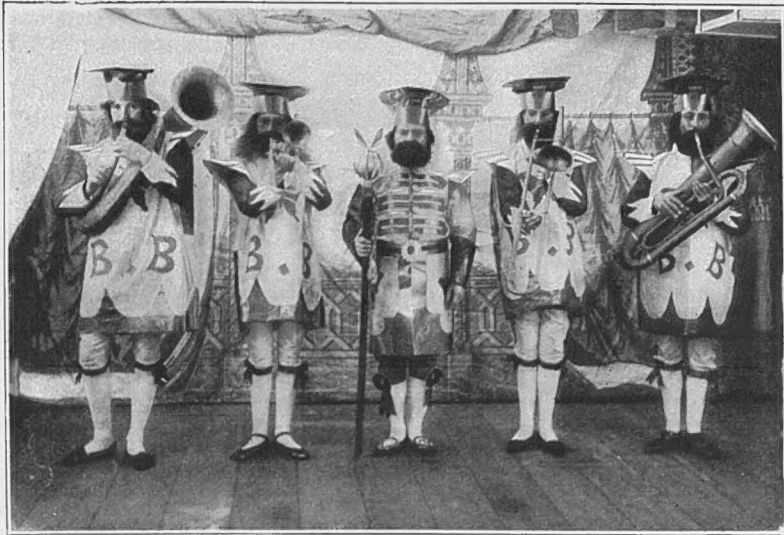
The recent rumours set afloat concerning the illness of Mr. Cecil Rhodes remind me of a chat I had some years ago with a man who has had considerable business relations with him. I was questioning his power to stand the mental strain of the troubles in Rhodesia and the approaching Commission to inquire into his connection with the Raid. My friend laughed at the idea of Cecil Rhodes breaking down under any strain. "After it is all over," he said, "a breakdown may, and probably will, come, but while there is actual fighting to do Rhodes will bring his energies to concert-pitch. I have seen him when hard at work dictate for ten or eleven hours at a stretch, absolutely wearing down the endurance of three typewriters, one after the other. All the time he has been pacing to and fro, up and down the room, turning all his immense faculties upon the matter in hand. Of course, his brain requires constant artificial stimulant, and the alcohol that is necessary merely to sustain him in times of pressure would send any weak man under. Yes, all this must affect his constitution in the end, and he is not now the man he was some few years ago; but, at the same time, not one man in a hundred could stand half that he has faced and conquered." It is fair to say that my informant is not a politician, and holds no brief for or against the founder of Rhodesia. The impression that the conversation left upon me was that Mr. Rhodes is a man of enormous strength, and that he is overtaxing his resources, or better, that these resources are being overtaxed. Whatever the cause, the result will not vary, and it is to be hoped that affairs of policy will run straight for a while and allow the Colossus to recuperate and prepare for other troubles lying ahead.

I am pleased to be able to record the opening of the Palace Club, the Sunday version of the National Skating Palace. It re-entered active life last Sunday week, when I looked in upon a pleasant and lively scene. If only because of the dulness of Sunday afternoons at this season of the year, the Palace Club would deserve to succeed, but it can base its claim to public support upon the genuine excellence of its general features. There is the splendid rink for skaters and the cosy lounge for idlers, admirable and desirable afternoon-tea for such as require it, and music for one and all. What more can man want at a time when the best thoroughfares in London are as dreary as Stonehenge?

Now that the big fire has quite died down and the people who did business in the neighbourhood of Jewin Street are thinking that they are very well or very badly off, according to circumstances and temperament, there are tales innumerable going round of good and bad fortune. I have heard a good many, and one is worth telling, showing, as it does, that no man knows his luck. There was a public-house in the district taken three months ago by a couple of young men, brothers, who entered into occupation in place, I believe, of a bankrupt tenant. So smart and pushful were they that somebody offered them two thousand pounds' profit on their purchase price a few weeks ago, and they thought it advisable to decline the offer. When the fire started a long way off and the engines began to arrive, the brothers were very uneasy, for they feared that their stock would be unable to supply the thirsty firemen, policemen, salvage workers, *et hoc genus omne*. Very soon their anxiety took another shape, and within two hours their house was blazing from end to end. Now a heap of charred ruins marks the spot where the building stood, and it was not insured for a penny-piece. It would be difficult to imagine a more unfortunate occurrence. Whether the insurance had been overlooked or the companies would not insure, I cannot say, but I hear that people in business in that neighbourhood have always found a difficulty in effecting insurances, a difficulty that the recent fire will increase tenfold.

When I entered the stalls at the first performance of "Admiral Guinea" at the Avenue, the first thing I noticed was that Miss Cynthia Brooke had removed her hat. Then Mrs. Ian Robertson took off hers. Mrs. George Alexander came in with a wonderful feathered structure. Remembering her husband's delicate hint to the matinée stallites of the St. James's, I wondered whether the lady would show a good example in the theatre whence he first bounded into managerial prosperity with "Dr. Bill." She did; though, late in the afternoon, she betook herself to a stage-box, where she once more donned the feathers.

I am indebted to the Chief Armourer of H.M.S. *Blake* for this photograph of a performance of "Bluebeard," which was given on board that



"BLUEBEARD" ON BOARD H.M.S. "BLAKE."

ship in November, when the fleet was at Arosa Bay. Jack afloat does not need to wait till Christmas for pantomime.

The States bordering on the great American Lakes have of late years started what are called Naval Brigades, and a gunboat of the United States Navy, called the *Yantic*, has been presented by the Federal Government to the Naval Brigade of Chicago, and is on her way through the Canadian canals to fulfil her destiny, whatever that may be, on Lake Michigan and the connecting lakes. Presumably she is a training-ship, but, as she can be supplied through American territory with whatever armament she is suitable to carry, once she is at her destination Canada will have no further control over her except to protest.

I heard the other morning in a railway-carriage an amusing story with regard to English and German Jack-tars that was new to me. It was told of the members of the crews of two ships engaged in the recent blockade of Crete. These tars were engaged in a festal gathering ashore, and one of the Germans proposed the health of his omniscient Emperor, which was duly drunk in rum by the assembled party of both nationalities. Presently the English boatswain suggested that the name of her Most Gracious Majesty should be toasted with similar honours, but the tars of the Fatherland received the proposal with a chilling silence. "Ain't you a-goin' to drink the Queen's health?" came the English inquiry. "Nein, nein," was the Germanic response. "Now then, boys," exclaimed the boatswain; "I don't want no unpleasantness; but we can't have this, you know; 'tain't fair. Take yer time from me; two fingers down yer throats, and up comes the bloomin' Emperor."

A correspondent in the Brigade Division of the Royal Artillery sent to South Africa during the war scare last May sends me some photographs of camp life at Ladysmith, Natal. The camp, which is occupied by the R.A., the Irish Rifles, and the 9th Lancers, is thirty miles or so from the Orange Free State and a good deal more from the Transvaal. Ladysmith, though the third largest city in Natal, is described as no bigger than an



MAKING HOLES IN THE GROUND BY DYNAMITE FOR TREES.

English hamlet, inhabited by "the laziest people in the world." My correspondent complains of dust-storms, rain, and heat, "each following the other." It is well they come singly. The R.A. had a rough march up-country over a villainous road and have lost a good many horses, the deficiency being partially supplied by South American bronchos, which amuse and instruct those who fancy themselves as horse-breakers. The men are still in tents, but huts are springing up. All the officers have built themselves small tin huts, and each regiment has built itself a mess-hut. The erection of stables, married quarters, and hospitals is rapidly transforming the look of the place. The soldiers are even planting trees, and to make the necessary deep holes in the solid rock, there being no surface soil—and "to save the 'store' picks and spades"—they are using dynamite.

Colonel Mohammed Fathi Bey, who is now acting as Commandant of Abu Hamed, is one of the most distinguished native officers of the Egyptian Army. In the Dongola Campaign the battalion he commanded, the 7th Egyptian Infantry, was selected by the Sirdar for the post of honour and danger at the head of the new railway, as it was pushed out into the Batn-el-Hagar desert. The 7th not only covered the rail-head with an ever-vigilant outpost line, but also supplied strong working parties to assist the railway battalion in laying the line. A few days before the fight at Firket, the work on the railway was suspended, and Colonel Fathi Bey marched his fine regiment up to Akasha to take part in the advance against the Dervishes, as part of Major Maxwell's brigade. On the very afternoon of the fight the 7th began its return march to Ambigol Wells, where two days later it recommenced work on the railway. It was again attached to Maxwell's infantry brigade in the final advance on Dongola. Colonel Fathi Bey is an officer of whom any army might be



COLONEL MOHAMMED FATHI BEY.

Snapshot taken while he was travelling on an engine-tender on the Soudan Railway.

proud. He speaks French and English fluently, and is of an active, energetic temperament. He belongs to the Arab race, and with its soldierly qualities he combines the results of scientific training under British officers. The portrait is from a snapshot taken on the tender of an engine on the Soudan Railway last year. On the right one sees the bare, sandy, stone-strewn slopes characteristic of the Batn-el-Hagar desert.

Military pictures were never more popular than now. A striking picture by Mr. W. H. Sullivan, entitled "The Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo," has just been issued by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co. The incident depicted in this grand picture is the intrepid action of Sergeant Charles Ewart, who rode into the mouth of death at Waterloo to capture the Eagle of the 45th French Infantry Regiment, and who attacked and cut down the French officer who carried the Eagle and returned safely, after killing a lancer and a foot-soldier in a desperate fight, through a mass of the enemy. This dramatic incident, of which every British subject may well be proud, is graphically described by Captain Siborne in his "Waterloo Campaign" as follows—

Within the mass, too, was borne the Imperial Eagle of the 45th Regiment, proudly displaying on its banner the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Essling, and Wagram, fields in which this regiment had covered itself with glory and acquired the distinguished title of "The Invincibles." A devoted band encircled the sacred standard, which attracted the observation and excited the ambition of a daring and adventurous soldier named Ewart, a Sergeant of the Greys. After a desperate struggle, evincing on his part great physical strength combined with extraordinary dexterity, he succeeded in capturing the cherished trophy. The gallant fellow was directed to proceed with it to Brussels, where he was received with acclamations by thousands who came forward to welcome and congratulate him.

The picture is not a mere effort of imagination, but was painted from a vivid description given by Sergeant Ewart himself in the hearing of the artist when the latter was a boy, and it has been a labour of love for the artist to transfer to canvas this spirited scene of heroic fearlessness.

Father Oswald Hunter Blair writes to the *Tablet* calling attention to the following parallel passages taken from the columns of the *Illustrated London News* at twelve months' interval. They are, he thinks, "worth reproducing as an object lesson of the value (or otherwise) of a certain class of contemporary literary criticism"—

October 1896.

It is more or less authoritatively announced that the Very Rev. F. A. Gasquet is shortly to be raised to the purple. . . . Dr. Gasquet is one of the most able and distinguished of Roman Catholic writers. His researches and his learning have done more to clear up the difficult historical problems that circle around the suppression of the monasteries than those, probably, of any living writer. His ability has been widely recognised in quarters by no means friendly to the position of the Roman Catholic Church in England.

Nov. 13, 1897.

The *Academy* list [of proposed "Academicians"] is an entirely hopeless one. It is only necessary to mention, for example, the name of Father Gasquet to indicate the absolute fatuousness of the selection. Gasquet is a Roman Catholic priest who has laboured diligently in the field of sixteenth century historical research. He has written without illumination, and with a prejudice as rampant as that which would have characterised a d'Aubigné on the other side. . . . He is a d'Aubigné *without his learning*. There are probably five or six hundred clergymen of the Church of England who have as great claims for consideration as Father Gasquet, &c.

The editor of the *Illustrated London News* would probably reply that the paragraph published by him in September 1896—not October, as the Father inaccurately states—was of value principally from the statement it contains that Father Gasquet was to be made a Cardinal.

He would probably urge that he was entitled in that connection to say that Father Gasquet was receiving this great recognition from the Church of Rome on account of his *learning* and for writing on the suppression of the monasteries. The word "learning" is relative, and for the Roman Church in England the learning of Father Gasquet is, no doubt, prodigious. But when we are discussing the whole fields of literature in search of an Academy of Letters, the good Father is surely not a learned man, even from the point of view of the Church of Rome, compared, say, with Lord Acton or a dozen other men who may be named in the field of historical research. The only thing for which the editor of the *Illustrated London News* might reproach himself, I think, is that he should have published a paragraph so ill-informed. Father Gasquet has not been made a Cardinal, but has appeared instead in a kind of Vagabonds' Club-Academy!



MR. COMPTON AS ESMOND.

Photo by Langley, Glasgow.

to adapt? The late Mr. Wills made little of it, and Mr. Edgar Pemberton has been even less successful in the play he has written for Mr. Compton, and played at Richmond by the latter last week. I understand that a third adaptation has been made for Mr. Sotheran.

Apropos of the recent article on the Lovat peerage case in these pages, a correspondent recalls a curious incident, not generally known, relating to the last days of Simon, Lord Lovat. After he had reconciled himself to his fate, he was much troubled by the thought of lying in his grave without his head. He, therefore, wrote to a cousin, Dr. Fraser, asking him to sew on his head again after his execution. His kinsman undertook the gruesome task, and the unfortunate peer wrote a letter to him, warmly thanking him for his kindness. It is probably one of the most fantastic ideas that ever seriously tormented a condemned man, although one does not like to picture oneself headless, even after the most obvious uses of a head have passed away.

A blue haze of steadily increasing density pervaded the Council Chamber of the Holborn Restaurant on Nov. 26, between 8.30 p.m. and the witching hour, symptomatic of a smoking concert. Further diagnosis showed abundant evidences of briar pipes, in all shapes and stages of seasoning, standing out from visages cheery from the absence of care and presence of whisky and minerals. Animal spirits, good-fellowship, and lung-power were the remaining necessary conditions of the presence of medical students strongly developed. It was the annual

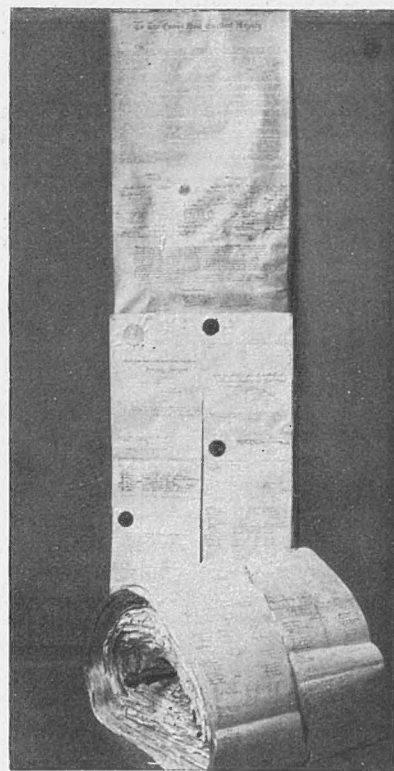
smoking concert of the Middlesex Hospital, under the popular chairmanship of Dr. William Duncan. In a long and enjoyable musical programme Miss Ethel Haydon was made first favourite to vociferous cheering. From the world of musical comedy came further talent in Mr. Colin Coop and Mr. Lionel Mackinder, humorously topical in "A Perfectly Peaceable Person." Other artists, medical and professional, were equally good, and at the end of the evening the chairman and others were musically voted "jolly good fellows."

Miss Maude Evelyn, who is playing Adeline Dennant in "A Squire of Dames" on tour, is niece to Miss Nina Cressy, to whose careful tuition she owes much. Her record of parts is wonderfully extensive for so young an actress. Beginning early, Miss Evelyn played child's parts, including Willie Carlyle in "East Lynne," Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Annie in "The World Against Her." In 1895 Miss Evelyn went on her first tour, when she played Fanny in "The Member for Slocum," with Mr. Harrison's company, and in a second tour took Madeline's part. Lavender in "Sweet Lavender," Daisy Maitland in "The Arabian Nights," Blanche Haye in "Ours," Miss Fauntleroy in "Dr. Bill," Vere Herbert in "Moths," Charlie Dishanger in "The Masqueraders," Polly Eccles, and Dolly Klink are among her successful interpretations. After so good a start, Miss Evelyn should go far in her profession. Parts such as Lavender are, she confesses, most to her liking, and, perhaps, this is not to be wondered at.



MISS MAUDE EVELYN.

The battle which rages around the rights and wrongs of the words "Scotch," "Scottish," and "Scots" will in all probability remain a literary Sheriffmuir—"Some said that we wan, And some said that they wan, And some said that nane wan ava, man." The issue may not be very momentous, but in the bygoing the controversy is at least productive of amusement. The newspaper correspondent may rage, but able editors on this side of the Border will settle the matter in their own way, according to birth or bias. The perfervid Scot will, of course, stickle for "Scots" and "Scottish," even when he declines, as did a correspondent in a last week's *P.M.G.*, to dogmatise upon the accuracy of these expressions. He is negatively dogmatic, however, and knows, he says, which is *not* correct. He finds "Scotch" redolent of whisky of dubious Scottish origin, hence, he avers, the "non-committal" name. He offers us "Mary Queen of Scotch," "the Scotch Guards," and "the London Scotch" as a *reductio ad absurdum*. On the other hand, for the sake of argument merely, one might offer him "Scots broth." Still, although his *reductio* proves nothing, he has on his side euphony and usage, chiefs that in many cases "winna ding." "Scotch," again, has been supported by reference to Walter Scott's works; and as he wrote with an English public in his eye, perhaps English editors may decide that for their purpose the term is good enough. The dispute will certainly not occasion a second Bannockburn. At most it will remain, as I said, a Sheriffmuir. Meanwhile, however, the Scottish Petition to the Queen in defence of National Names, organised by that enthusiastic Scot from Australia, Mr. Theodore Napier, has been completed and sent to Lord Balfour of Burleigh for presentation to her Majesty. All Corporations and most learned and benevolent societies in Scotland have countenanced the document, which is signed by 104,647 persons. The formidable roll is three-quarters of a mile long, and is one of the biggest Scotch or Scottish petitions ever laid before the Queen.



SCOTLAND'S PROTEST AGAINST ENGLAND.

Photo by Webster, Edinburgh.

Apropos of Mr. Theodore Napier, the honorary secretary of the movement, my readers may remember his exploit in Aberdeen last autumn, when he garlanded the Wallace statue. Not many weeks ago I saw him in Edinburgh, clad in aggressively national costume—plaid kilt and feather bonnet—every article of his dress being scrupulously accurate as to archaeological detail. For once, he had not on his rough-hide shoes with the hair still adhering to the leather, just such foot-gear as won the Scotch invaders their English sobriquet of "rough feet."

Mr. William Walsh Yates, the author of "The Father of the Brontës," is a Lancashire man, and was born at Warrington in 1829. On his father's side he is descended from a long line of yeomen; on his mother's he belongs to the Shuttleworth family, and can trace his ancestry, man by man, from a period anterior to the discovery of America. Engaged in commercial pursuits for several years, he quitted them in 1857, and, commencing a journalistic career, has been busily engaged with pen and pencil ever since. Mr. Yates has devoted much time to local antiquarian research, and has written copiously, chiefly upon the ancient parish of Dewsbury, in which he has resided nearly thirty-seven years. It was through his efforts that the Brontë Society and its museum at Haworth were founded, and he is a member of the Council. He holds office, too, on the boards of management of other institutions he assisted to establish, these including an infirmary, a free library, and a technical school, all in the town of his adoption. Accepted as a representative working pressman, Mr. Yates, in January 1891, was elected a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists, and came out high in the ballot. The distinction, which was entirely unsought and unexpected, he prizes greatly.



MR. W. W. YATES.
Photo by Armitage, Dewsbury.

The opening of the Barnum-Bailey campaign at Olympia, with Mr. George Spencer Edwards as Press representative, causes it to be opportune for me to mention also the elaborate volume entitled "The Circus Annual Route Book of Ringling Brothers' World's Greatest Shows." The enterprise conducted by these five brothers seems certainly to be a huge one, and their Route Book is filled with interesting details concerning the various departments of the show, with portraits of the chief performers. The descriptive Press agent, as he is known across the Atlantic, has evidently been "turned on" to write various racy and flowery articles.

A plucky rescue from drowning occurred the other day at Victoria, British Columbia. A five-year-old child fell off the Stanley Bridge into the sea-water beneath, when Captain Colborne, who was walking with some friends across the bridge, immediately threw off his coat and jumped to the rescue. He succeeded in laying hold of the child, and swam with it to one of the pillars of the bridge, to which he clung until a boat arrived and took them both safely to the shore.

Captain Colborne is a brother of Lord Seaton, and is A.D.C. to General Montgomery Moore, commanding the forces in Canada. He had half his right hand shot away by an Arab bullet in the Soudan, when storming the high hill at Kirbekan.

The fact that the Life of Tennyson contains an allusion by the late Poet Laureate to his having smoked a pipe with Carlyle at the kitchen fireside of the latter in Cheyne Row has of late attracted several visitors to below-stairs in the well-known house. While the interior of the building has undergone considerable renovation since Carlyle's decease, the kitchen



CAPTAIN COLBORNE.
Photo by Jacollett, Dover.

fireplace and appurtenances remain as when placed in 1852, and, indeed, appear as serviceable to-day as they ever did. Amid all the vicissitudes of time, the following simple record remains indelibly engraven on a pane of glass, which, singularly enough, no Carlyle worshipper has disturbed: "John Harbert Knowles cleaned all the windows in this house and painted part in the 18 year of age March 7, 1794"—more than a year before the birth of the man who was to render

the old edifice famous for all time. The Jubilee year has brought no record number of visitors to 24, Cheyne Row; at the same time, there is no diminution to record, and noteworthy personages from the Continent, the United States, and Africa have lately made a pilgrimage to the house. Paul Bourget, who was accompanied on a recent visit by his daughter, exhibited a truly Gallic enthusiasm in his inspection of the varied literary objects in each room, and Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States Congress, as an old friend of Carlyle, displayed familiarity, on the occasion of his visit, with each corner of the house.

Herr Richard Strauss, composer and conductor, who, though still only in his thirty-fourth year, has earned for himself a position second to none, made his first appearance in London at the Grand Wagner Concert given under the managership of Mr. Schulz-Curtius, in which he conducted Mozart, Wagner, and two of his own works. His compositions have roused the keenest interest, for all he does bears the stamp of genius; and he handles his subjects in no half-hearted way, his music being fresh, free, and flowing with life. Herr Strauss (no relation to the festive waltz-writers of that ilk) was born in June 1864, at Munich, where his father was player of the first horn in the orchestra at the Court Opera House; and there the boy studied under Hofkapellmeister W. Meyer. In 1889, when he was only seventeen, a symphony from his pen was performed under the bâton of Hermann Levi, and created quite a stir, and his Serenade for thirteen wind instruments (Opus 7) was given everywhere by Dr. Hans von Bülow and the far-famed Meiningen Orchestra, a body of which Bülow appointed him conductor in 1885. In 1889 he went to Weimar to share the duties of conductorship at the Court Opera House with Eduard Lassen, where the young artist's activity was almost phenomenal and he earned much praise for his orchestra, and, as well as having frequently conducted at the Bayreuth Festivals, he is constantly invited to assume the bâton at the best special concerts on the Continent, and he is now conductor of the Royal Opera House in Munich. Personally, Herr Strauss is one of the most delightful and artistic of men, unaffected and modest, slight and pale, with big deep eyes and a sensitive, poetic face, and one of the most inspiring and inspiring conductors of the day. His published works would now fill a long list, but none are more popular and beautiful than his "Don Juan."



HERR RICHARD STRAUSS.
Photo by Fabronius, Brussels.

The terrible accident which cost the Countess of Lathom her life and has caused so great a sensation seems to have ushered in a small epidemic of riding and driving disasters to women. Lady Chetwynd and her daughter, while driving to a meet of the Hampshire Hounds, met a herd of cows, and, the horse shying, the carriage was overturned upon Lady Chetwynd, who was badly hurt; she is, I am glad to hear, making good progress. Miss Greenall, sister of the Master of the Belvoir, took a nasty fall over a fence the other day and broke her collar-bone. Miss Winthrop, while hunting with the Craven in Berkshire, had the misfortune to break the crutch of her saddle in the act of taking a fence, with the result that she fell, breaking her collar-bone and a rib; and Miss Chichester, while out with the Cottesmore near Oakham, had a fall, and her horse rolling over her, she was badly shaken, and also cut about the face. Horses make very stupid blunders sometimes; but, on the other hand, they "save themselves" with wonderful cleverness and courage. One of the best feats of the kind occurred last season with the Quorn; a thoroughbred, ridden by a lady, on landing over a fence struck a post with such violence that he broke his leg, and yet he did not come down! This is the only case of the sort I remember.

I quite expected that the fatality to Lady Lathom would produce a crop of correspondence on the advisability of docking the tails of carriage-horses, but it has not come, so far. There is a golden rule for management when the horse claps his tail over the rein and holds it down. Don't pull the rein; touch the horse's flank lightly with the whip, and he, twitching his tail instinctively in response, will release the rein at once.

The Comtesse de Silvia carried off the first prize at the opening ball at Covent Garden, consisting of a diamond brooch. She wore a Spanish costume. The mantle was of cloth of gold, elaborately embroidered and lined with red satin.



THE COMTESSE DE SILVIA.

Photo by Ells, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

An extraordinary photograph, you say, yet it depicts a very common sight in the gardens of Jersey Channel Islands). The cabbages shown have attained the height of from five to ten feet. They are of the "Brussels sprouts" species, and the small cabbages growing in clusters round the stems are precisely the same as those indigenous to our gardens, although they are not so sweet to the palate. In no other part of the world do these cabbages reach such an abnormal height. Repeated efforts have been made to cultivate them in this country, but the plant would not reach to more than the usual puny height of about two feet. Enterprising Americans attempted to grow them in California, but their success was only of a mediocre description, five feet being the maximum height obtained. Even in Guernsey, which is only a few miles to the north, they will not flourish. In almost every garden will be found, in some more or less disadvantageous corner, a plot of these cabbages, while they also form an effective hedgerow. When they have satiated the demands of the table to their utmost capacity and the stumps are bared of the cabbages, their service is not yet complete, for, instead of being ruthlessly torn up and cast upon one side to decay, they are converted into the no less ephemeral articles—walking-sticks. The stumps are well adapted to this purpose, being

tolerably straight, and are carefully cut down and stored away to ensure thorough seasoning. They are then cut up into the requisite lengths, the bark scraped off, and two or three coats of varnish applied, and, with a handle and ferule, the finished article is obtained. Being of a pithy nature, they are naturally brittle; but, nevertheless, they form a very serviceable and certainly unique walking-stick, and, with care, will last a lifetime.

I hear that Captain F. Herbert, late of the 9th Lancers, and closely related to General Sir Arthur Herbert, K.C.B., who died last month, has just been appointed secretary to the well-known Nimrod Club. Captain F. Herbert, who owns and edits the *Polo Magazine*, has been all his life devoted to sport of every kind, but more especially to hunting, steeplechasing, and polo. He is an excellent organiser, and will, no doubt, still further increase the popularity of the club.

De la Rue stands for daintiness. The diaries sent me by the firm this year are as pretty as ever. They are of every shape and size imaginable.

It is possible in the policy of Mr. Beerbohm Tree to see an effort to *plaire à Dieu et à tous ses saints*. At times he gives us pieces certainly humble in aim, at others his true disposition asserts itself and he presents noble drama. The fair assumption is that the popular actor and manager recognises the fact that high art is a luxury the title to which is only to be won by efforts in lowlier domains. We are promised "Julius Cæsar," with a splendid cast. It is not surprising to find "A Man's Shadow," admirably acted, as a kind of prelude. The piece—decidedly more than six years old—has a sort of bastard right to escape criticism, yet, in passing, I must admit that it is a remarkably vigorous and thrilling melodrama. Indeed, its third act is so striking that, were the others of less quality than actually is the case, the play could hardly help being to the general taste. The acting is quite remarkably good. Mr. Beerbohm Tree most skilfully differentiates the two characters he represents from one another, and gives a very fine picture of innocence standing accused of the crime of murder. Mr. Lewis Waller made everybody enthusiastic by his performance as the advocate who dies in harness. Miss Dorrie Harris delighted all the house by her precocious intelligence and naïve charm.

How long will a London crowd wait to see a popular play? A correspondent cites "The Geisha." The courteous Mr. Farrington, who represents Mr. Daly's interests, tells me that, as a rule, in pleasant weather, five o'clock in the afternoon is the earliest time at which the pit and gallery audiences begin to gather for an evening performance (beginning at 8.15). At this season of the year 6.30 p.m. is the earliest. Occasionally, a fair-sized crowd has waited from ten in the morning.

Most managers of theatres advertise to open their doors very much earlier during the winter season, and when a sudden storm of drenching rain and wind sets in it is only humane to let the public enter, no matter at what time. This is what Mr. George Musgrove did one night at the Shaftesbury Theatre an hour before the commencement of "The Scarlet Feather," and all who got in were duly grateful to the manager.



THE MONSTER CABBAGES OF JERSEY.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



MISS MAGGIE ROBERTS IN "LA PÉRICHÔLE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

PIPER FINDLATER AND HIS BIRTHPLACE.

BY AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

"Turriff is a prood toon the day." Perhaps scarcely a single reader ever heard of the little Aberdeenshire town, but since the *Times* correspondent sent home the news that Findlater was the man who piped the Gordons up the heights of Dargai and "skirled" out the "Cock



PIPER FINDLATER.

Photo by Seawen, Colombo.

o' the North" after he was wounded, the good people of that red-sandstone agricultural town in the far-off north have felt themselves covered with glory. Not that Turriff considers itself a mean place; it can boast that it has never produced a "Kailyarder" to make a "Thrums" of it, and has no high opinion of either the Duke of Fife or the author of "On the Face of the Waters," who both have residences in its vicinity. Findlater is a native of the place, and the little town has only two exports—prime Scotch beef for the London market and native youths to sell their hands or brains in the labour-markets of the world. The inhabitants take an interest in both exports; they search their newspapers for the prices at the London Meat Market and for any chance reference to deeds of their natives. Now they feel themselves quite

important, and would willingly become Gordon pipers every one of them. They never ranked Findlater as a valuable export; not a single soul in the parish thought there was the making of a soldier-hero in him. And I, who had special means of knowing him well, who had been at school with him, had spent long, wet spring and busy autumn days with him toiling in the fields, judged him like the rest; and even his sister, when the news came home, doubted her brother's deeds. There is no intention here to make a special hero of Findlater; but the Descent of Man from a monkey is as nothing to the metamorphosis of this raw country boy into a servant of the Empire willing and ready to pipe his fellows through a leaden hail of death and cast his life like a clout away for victory.

At school Findlater at the best was a dunce; he took his canings stiff-backed and wry-faced; he was sour and dour, and any boy of the parish of his own age could have punished him. He had no ambition, he was clumsy and slow in his gait, his hands had no aptness to learn; but I remember him, following his father's cow, to keep her within a fence that was made up mostly of breaches, piping away on a tin whistle, without a cap and without boots, trying to finger out shrill Scottish airs, and, no doubt, at times, by the "haughs" on the banks of the Deveron, he treated the cow to that same fatal air he played at Dargai. His father was tenant of the "meal-mill" of Turriff, but meal-mills in Scotland have fallen on evil days; those quaint buildings, scattered plentifully at one time throughout the land, with their picturesque turrets and vanes over the drying-kilns, with their water-wheels splashing foam against the moss-grown gables, grinding out oatmeal for the parishioners, are being quickly ousted by great central oatmeal steam-factories. Findlater's father was not the man to stem a tide of adversity; he drifted from bad to worse; he was poor at the best; the cart lay where it broke down; the water-wheel lost its spokes one by one; the home became bare, the surroundings were in a state of disorder. Findlater, as a young fellow, never read a book; like most of the people in an Aberdeenshire village, his knowledge and ambitions were bounded by the parish. The only form of activity he ever manifested was in lying on his back and fishing in the stream that turned his father's mill-wheel; but I must not except the fact that he would bestir himself of a morning to see what had been the fortune of his gins and traps during the night. There are one or two things which I cannot help marvelling over in connection with this Dargai piper. Is it not wonderful that one who got so little from his country, who was treated with the utmost indifference by his fellows, for a pittance should be willing and ready to fling himself away at his country's bidding? To one who knows, too, how the Scotch look on soldiering, how the *respectable* people of such little towns as Turriff look upon the man who "lists" as one who has shaken himself free from the last shreds of respectability—even the recruit's family shares in the disgrace—and with this public sentiment drummed into them all their youth up, it is surprising that there are such men as Piper Findlater come out of Scottish towns at all. The popular manifestations towards the brave piper speaks a welcome change on the part of the Northern Scots: there is some hope for the recruiting sergeant now in the country fairs, if this popular sentiment is to

last, and there is plenty of material of the same stuff in Aberdeenshire to fill up the ranks of the brave men who carried the heights of Dargai.

A letter from Piper Findlater has been received by his relatives in the north, but it gives very few particulars regarding the charge at Dargai. The letter—which is a short one—mentions that when the order was given to ascend the heights of Dargai, Findlater was the first to play the charge on the bagpipes. He started to run with the rest, but he had not gone far when he was shot in the ankles. He was afterwards removed to the British Field Hospital, where he was lying at the time of writing. The letter is dated Nov. 1. No mention is made in the letter of his having played the bagpipes after being wounded.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER QUESTION.

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE CASE.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

From Abdur Ayub of Kambar Khel, now with the Afridi forces on the Mastura River, to his father at Kuki Khel on a spur of the Safed Koh.

After compliments: "MY FATHER,—It is written in the Book that the fate of men, great and small, is decreed of Allah before all time. God misleadeth whom he pleaseth, and guideth whom he pleaseth aright. The Kafirs from the South, with their low-born *lashkars*, their hirelings of the race of Singh, and the cursed *Ghoorkas* (may they be defiled!), with the warrior men in women's dress, have entered these hills of Dargai with witchcraft and *jizails* that spit shells thrice while the pulse beats a score. And thy son, my brother, has fallen in the Holy War. His reward is Paradise, and the sacred months of Rajab and Dzul Caada shall see him with the moon-faced ones and an infinite joy. The eaters of swineflesh have come in force. Many of the faithful have they slain, but more remain, and, with God's help, the snows of December will bind them to the Tirah, and not one—no, not one—shall escape alive. They have brought with them neither women nor tents, and the low-born will not return to their women and their tents, but they will find the hell they deserve. May they be defiled!

"Twice have the Orakzai and the Afridi driven them like chaff from a woman's pestle. Thou knowest from my former letter of the *sangars* built in defence of the Dargai hill, overlooking the Sempagha Pass. The defence thereof fell to me, with four hundred of the faithful. Thy son,



THE BIRTHPLACE OF PIPER FINDLATER.

Photo by Gamble, Turriff

my brother, to whom peace in Paradise, was in advance. The infidels blew upon us the fire of twenty guns, quick and hot as the fire of hell, and my brother fell torn in the middle. As for me, I choked with the stench. We withdrew, lurking near. As the evening shades fell, we heard the grunts of the cowards as they forsook the height they only

gained behind the shelter of their large guns. All night we toiled back, and built new stone defences, shooting at the little lights that twinkled in the English camp. We slew a score. Half their regiments are unfit for war. All are doomed. For is not the Prophet with us? At daylight the English guns began anew. And the kharki-clad white regiments timidly smelt of the fire zone. Of good rifles we had but few, but behind each was a man who held straight, and the accomplishment of desire was ours. Hour after hour, despite of thirst and hunger, Ahmed and Mahund held with me the faithful to their work, the air being filled with hurtling shell and the stench of hell and blood. At no time came the English ten yards into the open, and we smote them back as they came, defeated or slain. Hungry we slaughtered them, thirsty we sent them to Jehannum. But at the sixth hour the women regiment with the screaming goat-skin music, fresh and young men all of them, gained the shelter of the hill, lost but two killed, and our men, outwearied, left for a while the hill we had held all day with hungry men and not a cannon with us. Had the English our hearts, or we their weapons, the tale had been different.

FOREIGN DOGS.

The introduction of the foreign dog into this country is largely on the increase, and the specimens given here are typical of some breeds which, if not popular, are admired by their owners.

The Dogue de Bordeaux Matador du Midi has perhaps seen his best days, as far as the show-bench is concerned; yet he secured the first prize at the Aquarium last year. Matador comes from the South of France, where this breed is kept for tackling the bears in their fastnesses in the mountains, and Matador bears (no pun intended) many scars of encounters with Bruin. He has twice fought with full-grown brown bears and come off best on each occasion. He is a great attraction at every show he is sent to, but the public are warned not to approach too near in case of accidents. And they usually obey the warning in this case. Sans Peur and La Goulue are two more of the same breed shown at the Aquarium by the same owner, and they have secured first and second prizes respectively. A great favourite with all ladies at dog shows is the Esquimaux, Arctic King, who is reputed to have won more prizes than



MEXICAN CRESTED HAIRLESS DOG, HAIRY KING.



ESQUIMAUX DOG, ARCTIC KING.



WILD AUSTRALIAN DINGO, MYALL.



DOGUE DE BORDEAUX, SANS PEUR.

"Spies report the English unbelievers are at their wits' end; the war is but begun, and grain is stored in plenty, as thou, my father, knowest. As for us, my brother is dead—that is Allah's will, and the sons and brothers of many of our friends are slain. That is Allah's will. But we shall keep these hills against the cursed strangers who defiled the holy graves in the Swat country. Afghans tell that all the white troops in Hindostan are under arms; that the English fear for their *raj*; that no more men are forthcoming; that Roum and the Franghis are compassing the fall of the White Empress and her house. Islam will triumph, as we triumphed at Dargai, and the Kafirs will return to their putrid cities of the plain where the low-born folk are drunk with lies, and hold us cheaply, believing that which they want will come to pass. The kites will come to their carcasses as the flies to honey; but, father, thy only remaining son will fight for the free life of the hills, for has not the Prophet written 'Joy cometh in the fight'?"

"Only one thing hurts us. The English guns, with their poison fumes, are of hell. Had we only these guns, or if the low-born would meet us at handgrips as men should do, no one of them would return. Father, send privately to Cabul and offer three maunds of rupees to the English Engineer for a gun that streams bullets without ceasing. I kiss thy feet. To my mother peace. Salaam aleikhein."—ARNOLD WHITE.

any other foreign dog exhibited, and he numbers first-class honours at the Crystal Palace, Agricultural Hall, Manchester, Brighton, Paris, Boulogne, and other big shows, among his successes.

The Chow-Chow has very rapidly increased in favour, especially among the fair sex, during recent years, and the two most prominent devotees of the breed, Lady Granville Gordon and Mr. W. R. Temple, the secretary of the Chow-Chow Club, are prominent exhibitors of the breed, Mr. Temple winning with his old dog, Chow-Chow VIII., and Lady Gordon with Peridot II.

The Mexican hairless dogs are always a feature of shows devoted to foreign dogs, and Mrs. Brooke's Hairy King and Paderewski Junior (father and son), somewhat facetiously named, have both secured numbers of prizes. They are not pretty, but, then, beauty is the eye of the looker-on.

Another dog, the Australian dingo, Myall, also deserves notice, if for no other reason than that he was in his early days a wild dog in the Australian bush, and, although he is exhibited caged behind iron bars, he is fairly domesticated, and a great favourite with his master, who has found him affectionate and remarkably intelligent. Needless, perhaps, to say, he is death on rats and rabbits, and his particular "pal" is Paderewski Junior, the "hairless" one.

HAGEN vows to avenge the wrongs of BRUNHILDA.



Here there is black injury which only blood will wash away. Hagen, who lives only for his Prince, undertakes this bad service.—CARLYLE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ROSEMARY MARSH.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Every life has its rôles which seem to rhyme with its circumstances. Eleazer Marsh, the father of Rosemary, found one of his in the curious suitableness of his surname to his dwelling-place.

"Here am I first see the light of day on this here salt marsh, and been livin' here ever since, and my name's Marsh," he was wont to remark, with a certain humorous delight and triumph at his own humble exemplification of the eternal fitness of things.

He was hardly imaginative enough to realise the fact that his Christian name also suited gracefully his surroundings, the Eleazer being not unlike in sound to the liquid slipping and sliding hiss of the salt surges through the mat of the marsh-grass when the tide comes in.

However, when his only child, a daughter, was born, he insisted upon giving her a name which would be directly apposite to her birthplace.

"Marsh rosemary was thick when she was born," he was fond of relating, "and I told mother there was the baby's name all spelled out on the marsh as far as she could see, and she just turned her head a little, and looked out of the window and laughed. 'Well, 'Leazer,' says she, 'you always did have your own way, but I dunno' what the neighbours will say.' 'There ain't no neighbours but the Brewsters,' says I. So that settled it, and the child's been Rosemary Marsh ever since."

Rosemary Marsh's mildly acquiescent mother died when she was a mere child; her father lived until she was over thirty. Then one boisterous September day his boat capsized in a sudden gust, and his long, brown body came ashore, as inert and helpless as one of the last season's marsh-weeds before the wash of the sea. Next day the boat was brought safely to land, towed inshore by a friendly fisherman from the Point. That was a ray of comfort to Rosemary Marsh, even in the midst of her affliction, for the boat was all she owned in the world beside her little dwelling on the marsh and a few hundred dollars in the savings-bank.

She was a skilful hand with a boat and a line. She always blamed herself that her father and not she had gone out for bluefish the day he met his death.

"Father was getting too old a man to go out in a rough sea," she said, and always stung herself with the reflection.

Rosemary Marsh lived alone, and supported herself with the proceeds of her lobster-pots and her catches of fish. She also sold kelp in the village. She needed little money; driftwood supplied her with fuel; she ate principally the food of the sea; and as for clothes, she wore her father's oilskins on her fishing expeditions, and her own woman's raiment lasted her well, while the style was beyond criticism on the marsh. She kept one decent black dress, bought for her father's funeral, to wear to meeting on Sundays; otherwise she went clad in weedy brown calico, flapping about her slender limbs in the salt wind, scarcely distinguishing her from the rank vegetation on the marsh.

Rosemary had a long, brown visage like her father's, but her hair was red, of a shade which seemed impossible to nature, the original tint having been rusted and changed by the sun and the salt winds. Rosemary could be seen afar as a strange red flower over the marshes.

Rosemary, after she was thirty-five, had absolutely no companions. Before that time there had been Flora Brewster, living about a mile away, toward the village. Flora was much younger than Rosemary, who had, indeed, rocked her in her cradle, and guided her baby feet back and forth in safety to the sea. Flora Brewster had been a rare product on the marsh, a beauty pink as a shell, gracefully moving and sweet-voiced. Rosemary adored her, tended and followed her like a faithful dog, when she was a child; and when lovers found her out in her girlhood, listened to her confidences with utter self-disregard and admiring wonder.

When Flora married a young man from the city and went away, Rosemary's heart was almost broken, but there was no bitterness in the breaking. Flora's father had died before her marriage; her mother went to live with her in the city; their house was shut up, and Rosemary never saw any of them again. She used to go and sit, with a sort of meek and unquestioning melancholy, on the doorstep of their deserted house, holding their forsaken cat in her lap. She had taken charge of the little animal when the Brewsters went away, and it always followed her on her visits to its old home, and was coaxed back with difficulty. Rosemary had no neighbour nearer than the village, two miles away, and she grew old living alone.

Rosemary had considered herself too old to be a companion for Flora Brewster when it came to a question of parties and entertainments, and she had been so considered by Flora and her admiring swains. She had never participated in any of the village amusements. Sometimes, when she was a child, she had wondered patiently what they were like, especially on Christmas, and had built air-castles of them for herself. Once her father had promised to take her to a Christmas-tree in the Sunday-school, but he came down with rheumatism the day before, and she never went.

Rosemary Marsh never had a Christmas present until she was over sixty years old. Then one day a kind soul in the village thought pitifully of the lonely woman on the marsh, and prepared a gift and sent it over on Christmas Eve. The kind soul was a young girl, and had a girlish merriment and also a girlish shamefacedness in her charity. She therefore folded her gift in many wrappers of white paper, and tied it with a

blue ribbon in a dainty bow-knot, and fastened to it a card with this inscription: "For Miss Rosemary Marsh, with a merry Christmas, from a friend of hers, and a friend of Santa Claus." Then the package was hung on Rosemary's door, that she might find it when she came out.

When Rosemary awoke on Christmas morning, and opened her door, and found her Christmas present tied to the latch, she turned pale and her heart beat hard.

She took the package into the house and studied the inscription on the card. Then she put it away in the top drawer of the mahogany bureau where she kept the locks of her father's and mother's hair and Flora Brewster's little gold brooch, which had been her parting gift. Later in the morning, when her work was done, she took out her Christmas present again, and sat with it in her lap. She touched the pretty blue ribbon bow, but she did not untie it. All day long, when she was not at work, she sat holding the package, gazing at it with the fresh delight of a child, but she did not open it.

Rosemary never opened it. It was the chief comfort of her solitary life. She would sit for hours holding it, then fold it carefully in her one fine linen handkerchief, and lay it in her bureau-drawer; but she never opened it, never knew what it contained, and died not knowing.

And the kind young soul who had given it to her found it in its fine linen wrapper in the bureau, and wondered, half laughing in the midst of her ministrations to the sad needs of death.

"Why, the poor old thing!" she said. "She never opened the box of candy I sent her at Christmas." She did not understand, as she looked at the white package with its unviolated blue ribbon, that it was a precious casket full of the little saved-up Christmas joy of a human life.

THE ART OF GILBERT JAMES.

I should esteem it a favour (writes a Buenos Ayres correspondent) if you would kindly forward the enclosed to that implacable foe of perspective, Mr. Gilbert James. It might serve him as a subject for future illustrations when he comes to the end of that incomprehensible Story of Something with an unpronounceable name, which appears to be monopolising his attention at present. The composition, I confess, is frivolous to a degree; but the same charge might be justly brought against an artist who rushes his background and middle distance into the foreground, and then writes a long rigmarole underneath, by way of remachating the clave. You will be glad to hear that *The Sketch* has an extensive circulation in this country. Even the owner of the bullock-cart, which comes in twice a month from the remote and comparatively depopulated territories of Balvanera and Almagro, tells me that he sometimes takes back with him as many as eight copies. On one occasion he was assaulted and robbed by some Carambola Indians, so that at the present moment some of Mr. James's pictures are probably being used as fetiches or charms by the dusky-hued squaws whose papooses career at will over the boundless plains of Flores and Caballito.

A WARNING.

DEAR MR. JAMES,—

If you're not wide-awake, and you thoughtlessly take the first girl that you get introduced to;
Though she's not very pretty, and not very witty, like the girls that you've always been used to;
And you ask her to dance: then she promptly says "Thanks!" and she gives you her programme—quite empty,
So you plunk down your name—any dance is the same, be it eighteen or nineteen or twenty.
From the state of her hair, you'd be ready to swear that she'd been through some blackberry hedges,
And she tosses her head, and her elbows are red, and her dress is all frayed at the edges.
She wears two little bows, and a little red rose that she wore all last year in her bonnet,
And there's a bone in her back that goes "crickety-crack" when you exercise pressure upon it.
Her gloves are all black, and they're bust up the back, and her manner's as cold as an icicle,
And her figure is bent like the roof of a tent, or the back of a man on a bicycle.
Then you work up a smile, though you're raging the while, as you start all the threadbare old topics—
That the floor's made of wood, and the supper is good, and the heat makes you think of the tropics;
The latest cigar, and the splendid bazaar for the Anglican Church at Belgrano, Where, for a very low price, you got something nice—from a tame kangaroo to a piano.
Then you swing her around, both her feet off the ground, and her hands clutching hard at your collar,
Till you feel very glad, as times are so bad, that the thing only cost you a dollar.

You catch sight of a chair, and you say, "Let's sit there!"; and you merrily, merrily drop her;
If she'd gone on much longer, or been a bit stronger, Nicodemus himself couldn't stop her.
And she's trod on your corn, and you feel most forlorn, but of the two I think she's the forlornier,
As for many an hour she does nothing but glower, as she sits all alone in a corner.
So keep wide-awake, you jolly old rake, and always remember my warning, When you put out your light the last thing at night, and again when you wake in the morning.

MR. SIDNEY LOW'S RETIREMENT FROM THE "ST. JAMES'S."

Dear Sidney Low, we found you good at need.—W. E. HENLEY.

Mr. Sidney Low has just retired from the editorship of the *St. James's Gazette*. He has good reason to feel very proud of his nine years' achievement in connection with that journal. The reception which his colleagues on the Press gave him at the Grand Hotel the other evening would have turned the head of many a brother journalist, I fancy. The casual reader of daily papers, and particularly the ardent politician, must often suspect that there is considerable hatred among journalists. Just think, for example, of how the *Daily Chronicle* has gone for the *St. James's*, and the *St. James's* for the *Daily Chronicle*; yet the editor of the former journal was present on the occasion in question, to do honour to his political opponent, and, in plain fact, there is very little envy and ill-nature in journalism.

The guests present at the dinner to Mr. Low included, as was pointed out by one of the speakers present, some twenty-five editors and ex-editors. The editors present included Mr. Norman MacColl, editor of the *Athenaeum*; Mr. E. T. Cook, editor of the *Daily News*; Mr. H. W. Massingham, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*; Mr. Leo Maxse, editor of the *National Review*; Mr. Penderel Broadhurst, editor of the *St. James's Budget*; Mr. O. Fry, editor of *Vanity Fair*; Mr. Iwan Müller, who was so brilliantly associated for some time with the *Pall Mall Gazette*; to say nothing of Mr. M. B. Huish, who has edited the *Art Journal*; Mr. Oswald Crawford, who has edited *Black and White*, and other publications; Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, who has edited the *Realm*; Mr. J. E. Vincent, who once edited the *National Observer*; and Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Then there were journalists not less distinguished than Mr. J. R. Fisher and Mr. Jeyes, of the *Standard*, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, and Mr. Arnold White. Mr. A. F. Pollard, the headmaster of the City of London School, represented the scholastic world; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Anstey Guthrie, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. C. F. Keary, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, and Mr. E. A. Armstrong represented different phases of authorship; Mr. T. Malcolm Watson, Mr. James, and the Chairman, Mr. Gosse, different phases of criticism. Mr. Fisher Unwin and Mr. John Lane stood for the publishers. Mr. Edmund Gosse made an admirable speech from the chair, full of kindly compliment to Mr. Low, whom he had served as a writer of literary criticisms. Mr. Rudyard Kipling told how he had been a journalist, and, for forty-eight hours, an editor, during the absence of his chief. He had been charged with being a poet, and other things that he did not like, but he was very proud indeed of that period of editorship—for the journal actually came out. Mr. Kipling went on to give some interesting reminiscences of his association with the *St. James's Gazette*, in which many of his first English contributions were published. Mr. Low, in a



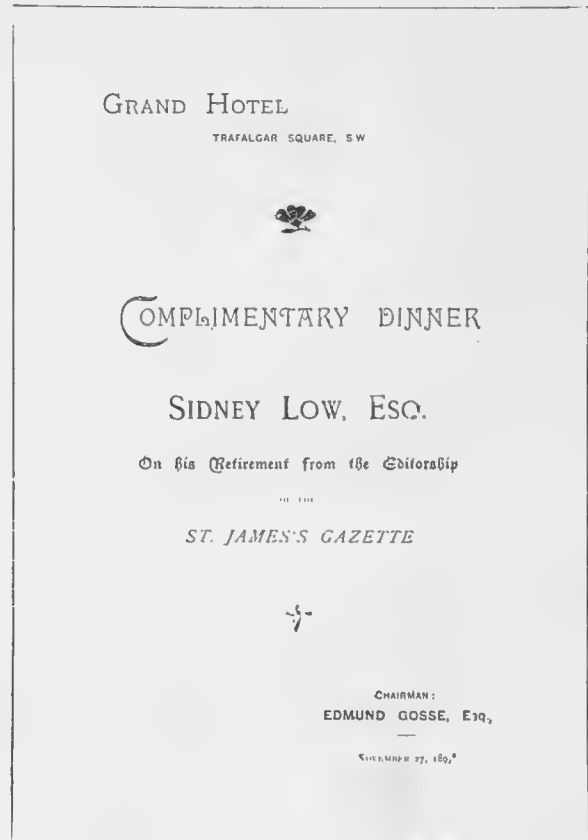
MR. SIDNEY LOW.

very able and impressive reply to the good wishes of his hosts, quoted effectively the lines from one of Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties." Mr. Low—a slave, as he put it, of the galley—felt like the Indian Civilian in that poem who speaks on the eve of his retirement—

But to-day, I leave the galley, and another takes my place;
There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand a little space.
I am free to watch my messmates beating out to open main,
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle sweep again.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more—
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?
God be thanked—whatever comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men.

The whole proceedings were arranged by Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who has succeeded Mr. Sidney Low as editor of the *St. James's Gazette*.



FRONT OF THE MENU.

Mr. Chisholm informed the gathering of the many distinguished men who had been prevented by accident or previous engagements from being present, notably Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who, as the first editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, he and Mr. Low naturally held in the high esteem which is shared by all journalists. The menu-card contained contributions from two poets, Mr. Henley sending the following quatrain—

Dear Sidney Low (thus, for some forty Friends
Your absent Bard), we found you good at need,
We whom you captained. Now the story ends,
And now we drink "God bless you!" and "God speed!"

And Mr. Alfred Austin, who, as Mr. Gosse remarked, was the only working journalist who had ever worn the bays, sent a poem addressed—

TO MY COMRADES.

Dear Comrades of the Mind, who wield
A power in this pacific day,
Mightier than ever spear and shield,
When these were umpires of the fray;
If 'chance amid your cheer to-night
A moment may my voice be heard,
I should be honoured if I might
Greet you with just this simple word:
Though feud may rend our ranks at home,
Let us at least together stand
'Gainst foreign foe, and on the foam
Be brothers, for our Native Land.

Mr. Austin, it may be mentioned, was asked if he would come to the dinner or send a letter, and a reply had been sent in the negative; but within a few hours a telegram was forwarded to the effect that the reply had come from Mr. Austin's private secretary, and that Mr. Austin would be glad to contribute some verses on the occasion. Mr. Low, it is generally understood, will, after taking a long and well-earned holiday, join the staff of the *Standard* newspaper. He is, as his hosts cheerily sang on the occasion, "a jolly good fellow," and I am sure we shall hear much more of him in the coming years.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

THE WORK OF WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

A few months ago it happened, by a certain irony of ignorance, that all London was making inquiries about the artist of a certain portrait of the Queen which was published in the *New Review*. His name was set down as "W. Nicholson," plainly and bravely. But who was "W. Nicholson"? What past, what antecedents, what preparation, had there been that so

impressive, so startlingly fine, a work should suddenly emerge from an unknown quarter? The portrait, indeed, was so subtly clever that the artists shook their heads a little sadly, and predicted that the public, which had been pampered for so long upon "touched" photographs of the Queen, would never accept so uncompromising a novelty as this. But the artists had here made something of a mistake. The photographers, it appeared, had stepped into a wilderness of weariness by overdoing their work of courtier-like flattery. The public had been swallowing too much sugar, and when this strong, well-made, unaffected reality came forward for recognition,



MR. NICHOLSON'S IDEA OF "S."
From the "Alphabet Book."

it received immediate and perhaps unexpected applause. Doubtless, there were quiet parsonages and honeysuckled cottages in the country where the thing came as a shock, but, on the whole, the general chorus of praise was loud and insistent. Meanwhile, the original question remains unanswered—who might Mr. Nicholson be?

If he had signed himself, as he might have done, by his hitherto assumed name of Beggarstaff, the surprise would not have been so keen; for, indeed, to many the real names of the Brothers Beggarstaff—William Nicholson and James Pryde—were as unknown as their works were cordially and sincerely admired. It seems that long ago, when Professor Herkomer was, and the Brothers Beggarstaff were not, Mr. Nicholson, anxious to progress in his art, sought the Professor's studio to learn all that so powerful and influential a man could teach him. But Mr. Nicholson was not up to Mr. Herkomer's requirements, and the poor artist retired among the customary crowd of "incompetents"; retired to Paris, where he entered that immense institution, "Julian's Studio." There, with his cousin, Mr. James Pryde, he studied for the brief space of half a year, at the end of which period, for whatever reason, the two

young men left France for London, where they immediately turned to the profession of poster-designing. A French admirer puts the case thus: "At the end of six months of this ridiculous training, the whole pedantry of which they thoroughly realised, and, extremely impatient to exercise their own gifts and temperament from a personal point of view, they left Julian's Studio, and, by way of making a living while asserting their artistic independence, they set to work bravely, immediately after their return to London, to design posters for the libraries and for theatrical managers."

It is not too much to say that, very silently and without intrusion, these two young artists were the most potent factors in that tremendous revolution of the poster in England which, during the last five or six years, has been making so singular a progress. Readers will doubtless remember the two exhibitions of posters, one at Earl's Court in 1894 and one at the Aquarium in 1895, by which, under the combined name of the "Brothers Beggarstaff," these exceedingly clever young men put a final seal to their reputation in this respect. From that time, indeed, the history of the artistic poster is, to a large extent, their history. There are, of course, other clever designers of this particular form of art also in England, among whom Mr. Hardy ranks high. But the Brothers Beggarstaff certainly reflect in their work the best tendencies of this time to supply something of genuine and solid artistic value in the place of the terrible pictorial effects that even now too insistently dominate our hoardings and our open spaces. Nevertheless, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Pryde had not the intention of merging their separate individualities altogether in the poster; each pursued his own way very quietly and resolutely, now in landscape, now in portraiture of another kind. Among his other pursuits, Mr. Nicholson, in recent months, took up with eagerness the art of woodcutting.

Since that time the world has known more of Mr. Nicholson's personal work, for he has, by very quick stages, proved himself to be a master of this province of his art. Under the ægis of Mr. Heinemann, book after book has come forward to prove this fact. But, first, there is the *New Review* series to recall. Perhaps he has done nothing so impressive again as his portrait of the Queen.

As the French critic already quoted has pointed out, the Sarah Bernhardt, which came second, is a delightful piece of accomplishment, but it is lacking somewhat in originality. It is, as he says, the "article de Paris," adding "on l'a trop vue." Then there is his "Alphabet Book," which in a curious and complete way lets you peep into the very essentials of his method, as through chinks in a door behind which the light is shining. And those essentials? First, the most amazing eye for an economy of means, not the economy of baldness, but of deliberate and grimly austere rejection. It may seem an audacious parallel, but within the line, the enclosure of his strong pencil, he has the same sort of inclusiveness that one admires so keenly in Holbein. Take the "S. for Sportsman," which is reproduced in this page from the "Alphabet Book." Mark the simplicity of the line that includes the full human arm lying within the coat-sleeve. It bulges with the vitality of the arm that lies within, and yet the apparent slowness of the means by which this effect is made is quite surprising until you realise that it is by stripping away a thousand details that the inferior artist would have joyfully included as additional evidences of his observation. Next there is the peculiar strength with which every necessary point in his design is disclosed to the spectator. If a man is meant to stand upon his feet, you note the very contact between his foot and the ground—no mean accomplishment, and one, if you look for a classic instance, you will find superbly exemplified in the "Pulido Pareja" of Velasquez. In his masculine grip of character, Mr. Nicholson has moments a little short of splendid, as in the conventionally imagined "R. for Robber," also reproduced here. Lastly, Mr. Nicholson has that peculiar genius for his material which belongs to the rare artist. Examine again "Coaching," from the "Twelve Sports," herewith given, to find how completely he realises the exact limits of the stuff in which he works. The thing, with its restraint and right austerity of feeling, has an absolute poetry in the massing of the black, the composition of the bunch of figures on the coach, and the magnificent realisation of the stepping horses.



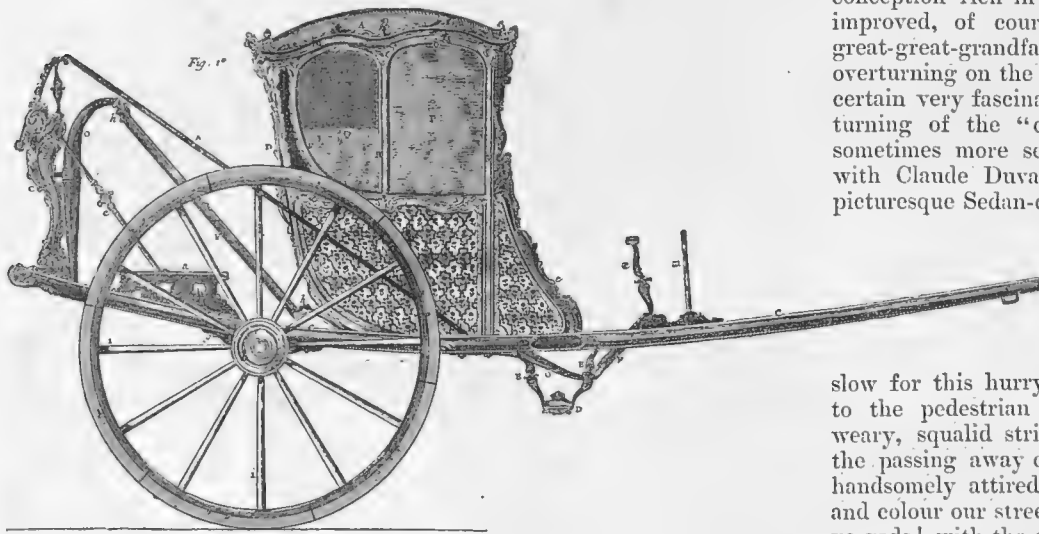
MR. NICHOLSON'S IDEA OF "R."
From the "Alphabet Book."



COACHING.—MR. NICHOLSON.
From "Twelve Sports."

OF THE UGLY MOTOR.

Just a year and a few days ago the first Motor-Car Parade aroused our wonder, our laughter, and our tears. It was Nov. 14, I think, a day of downpour, that the hissing, whirring procession left Westminster for



A CHAISE.

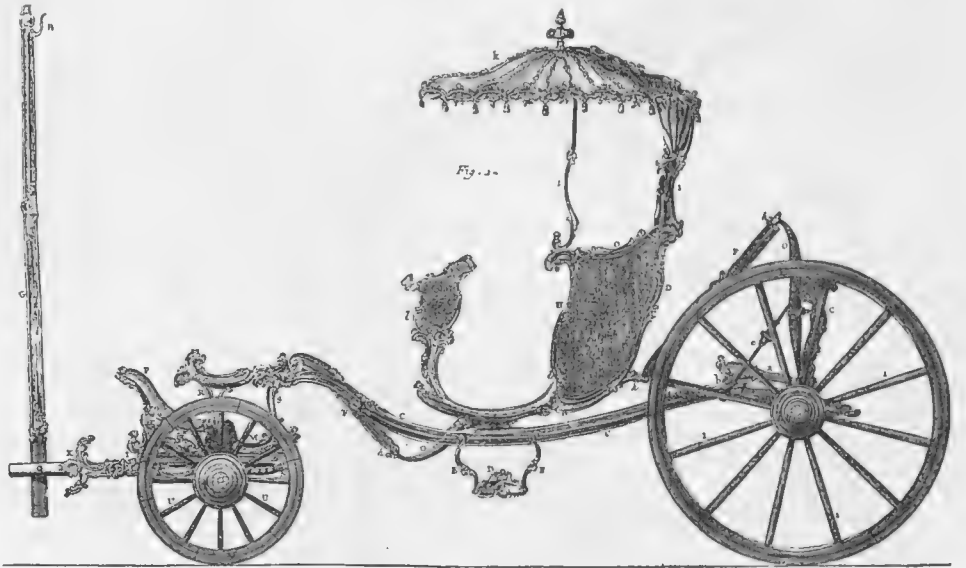
Brighton, watched by curious crowds, and attended by newspaper correspondents, whose reports as the afternoon advanced grew less and less serious as their news grew more so. For the incidents of the way, albeit abounding in disaster, were of a kind to provoke caustic merriment. This year again the Motor-Car Club have been on the war-path. The 29th was their trundling-day, when, in the teeth of a boisterous wind, they ran to Richmond from the Hotel Métropole, attracting considerable but not widespread attention. The cars were numerous and "smart," we are told. No one dares to call them elegant. That is yet in the future. There may be a good time coming (did not "F. C. G." suggest some pretty designs in the *Westminster Gazette* last year?), but as yet the motor-car as she is drove makes me shudder for the appearance of our streets, if the verb "to mote" is to become very much active in the future. The motor-cab, no uncommon object of the Strand in these latter days, is an unfinished-looking object, and he who dares to ride therein will shortly wish him down again, for, like Aiken Drum of the ballad, the thing goes with an "eerie, dreary hum." Once I was tempted to ascend, hoping, shy man, that none might see me. Alas! we had not sung along for five minutes before two of my most caustic and critical admirers had their heads through the window, exclaiming, "Saucy, Saucy!"; and on reaching my chambers I found that a third friend, even more critical and caustic, had seen me in Oxford Street. When elegance and silence have commended the car to the general, we may hope for its popularity. Not till then will a ride in one be other than an ordeal to such as shun publicity.

It may be sentiment to hope for beauty in vehicles, but it would cost many unsentimental people a pang of regret to see the last of the dear familiar hansom, so beautiful a thing in its way. The hansom is, to me, the ideal vehicle. After the vibration of the motor, it is as the Car of Venus herself. Sometimes, by the way, it is veritably the latter, even

on this dull earth, but of that, as Chaucer says, "I dar nat telle, and yet it were a game to heren al." Even the hansom is less a chariot of the Loves and Graces than the exquisite examples of last-century carriage-building which are reproduced on this page. The carriages are of French workmanship, the heavier of the two a post-chaise, evidently a predecessor of the hansom, the lighter for Madame's airing, a dainty conception rich in elegant curves and elaborate carving. We have improved, of course, if not in design, at least in stability, on our great-great-grandfathers' carosses, which had an awkward habit of overturning on the villainous roads of the period. Still, where would a certain very fascinating kind of romance be were it not for the overturning of the "coach" upon which so many issues hung—issues sometimes more serious than to be turned lightly aside by a coranto with Claude Duval? Between the coaches shown herewith and the picturesque Sedan-chair the link is easy to trace. The body both of the

post-chaise and the coach are almost exactly similar to many well-known examples of the Sedan still preserved in various museums. Why the Sedan should have disappeared is not altogether easy of explanation, unless it be that the mode of transit, although delightful, is now too

slow for this hurry-scurry age. It cannot be that the objection is to the pedestrian bearers occupying the causeway, for what of our weary, squalid strings of sandwich-men? One is tempted to lament the passing away of the pretty Sedan with its prettier occupant and handsomely attired bearers, more especially when even the little life and colour our streets possess is threatened with further diminution and, ye gods! with the advent of the motor in all its glory of uncouth framework, bloated wheels, whirring engine, and, be it said for truth's sweet sake, its lingering evil savour. Electricity may help us out of some of our difficulties, pretty design should not be altogether impossible in this age of vaunted artistic progress, but as yet it is impossible wholly to love the motor-car. Its day will likely come ("Puffing Billy" was a



AN OLD-FASHIONED CARRIAGE.

laughing-stock), but, happily, as long as the Briton remains a sportsman (and when he is not he will be no Briton), he will always love to bowl along at the clean heels of a sound and handsome piece of horseflesh. So that we may reckon upon the "gee-gee" with his cheery pad-pad upon our wooden pavements for many years to come.

"THOSE DREADFUL TWINS."

"Bosen" and "Middy" are the names of the children who write "Those Dreadful Twins" (Unwin). They are little chaps of nine, and are as noisy and untidy as healthy boys usually are; but they are great friends, and hardly ever quarrel, except when they have to sleep in the same room. They tell us about their life at home and at school, the scrapes they are constantly getting into, and their difficulties in getting out of them. One of their earliest troubles was in getting enough money—half-a-crown each—to enable them to join a club for sailing their boats in the Round Pond, and, as their mother thought this extravagant, they tried to earn it, first, by acting as agents for the sale of bicycles, and, more successfully, by dealing in old bottles. The worst of their early troubles came from trying to dye their naturally red hair black, for a grand evening-party, and they made such frights of themselves that they were sent off to a boarding-school. They did not care much for school, but their summer holidays were delightfully spent on the *Pandora*, a dismantled ship anchored in the Solne. They were so happy there—rowing, swimming, and fishing—that they were very sorry to leave it, although it was to go home and not back to school again. They upset the house by the escape of their white mice or the army of fleas they are trying to train, and once they get nearly drowned in the Round Pond. Bosen had a bad fright when he ran out late one night to have a ride in Carter Paterson's van, and was left in it, sound asleep, when it was put away for the night; and finally they are sent away to a French boarding-school, and have no time to write more.



TYPES OF MOTOR-CARS.

Photo by Ernest Gray.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS."*

Verily there is small risk of our boys becoming "Little Englanders" if they take their cue from the heroes of these delightfully bound volumes which their "people" are intended to present to them at the coming Christmastide. In every case the hero, generally a strapping youth of about sixteen, takes to deeds of war as a duckling to water, and in every case he is phenomenally successful. The novel of historical adventure has had a good innings as an ideal boys' book. For a time there may be a fashion which brings into favour a class of books in which science and imagination skilfully blended offer large attractions for the inquiring mind of youth. Among the best specimens of this type of book may be placed the writings of Jules Verne, whose voyages to the moon and under the sea created an era in boys' books. But give a boy a stirring story of adventure, and all other classes of books are hopelessly outdistanced. The late Mr. Ballantyne was extremely successful in this kind of story; he had seldom to invoke the air of war to throw a glamour over his heroes; it was rather in the skilful picturing of the combat against nature in the Pacific, near the Pole, and in other desolate and hazardous places, that he chiefly excelled. Mr. G. A. Henty has long been known as pre-eminently the writer of war stories for boys. He has a clever way of manipulating events of actual history in such a manner that, while the historical background lends an air of reality to the romance, the dry bones of dates and facts are never obtruded on our enjoyment of what is mostly cunningly devised fiction. The two volumes which he sends out this year can scarcely be said to be among his best. There is a want of completeness about them, though this arises from different causes. In his tale "A March on London," he gives us the story of how two lads from Dartford go up to London and take part in the quelling of Wat Tyler's rebellion, and, as if this episode were not sufficient for a very interesting story, the heroes proceed to Flanders and serve under Van Artevelde, and subsequently against the French invaders of that country. Though the unity of plot is thus marred, the book is, however, full of incident and written with no small amount of historical ability. His other work, "With Moore at Corunna," does not carry us far enough, and we have perforce to leave our hero (who is a most interesting young fellow, and has risen in a marvellously short period to be colonel in the Portuguese Army under Sir Arthur Wellesley) still engaged in Portugal, with the unsatisfied feeling that he would have done much better at home, where his cousin, who is certain to marry him in a subsequent volume, is already prepared to receive him.

The classical period is a very difficult one to handle in a boy's book. When one turns to a narrative of the days of Hannibal, one is irresistibly and unpleasantly (if one is still a boy) reminded of a certain prosaic and biased historian called Livy. Mr. Church, in his "Lords of the World," has been wise enough not to choose a young Roman as his hero. It may fairly be said that most boys' sympathies are with the Carthaginians in their ineffectual struggle against Rome, and it is better that the narration of the fall of Carthage and of Corinth should be seen with the eyes of a Greek youth, Cleanor, son of Lysis of Chelys. Mr. Church's story is thoroughly interesting, and conveys in an attractive way an idea of the manners and customs of the times. The only fault to be found with Mr. Whistler's "King Olaf's Kinsman" is that it is couched in extremely strained and uncouth language, which renders the narrative rather wearisome at times. It is a story of England in the days before the Norman Conquest, when Danes and Saxons fought for the supremacy, and it is based on a very sound knowledge of the scanty contemporary chronicles. The hero, Redwaldthane of Bures, is a very likeable fellow, and several passages, notably that describing the fight at Ashington Hill, are remarkable for the vivid picture they present. Mr. Pickering's "A Stout English Bowman" recalls "Ivanhoe" in many of its incidents; but it is open to question whether the crossbow was used as

he describes it to have been, and, in any case, the national bow of England was that used with such effect at Crécy and Poitiers.

Mr. Kirk Munroe's "With Crockett and Bowie" is a narrative of the struggle between Texas and Mexico, as a result of which the former gained her independence. As might be imagined, the hero is an expert rider, and he and his horse Tawny will, no doubt, gain a place in many a boy's heart.

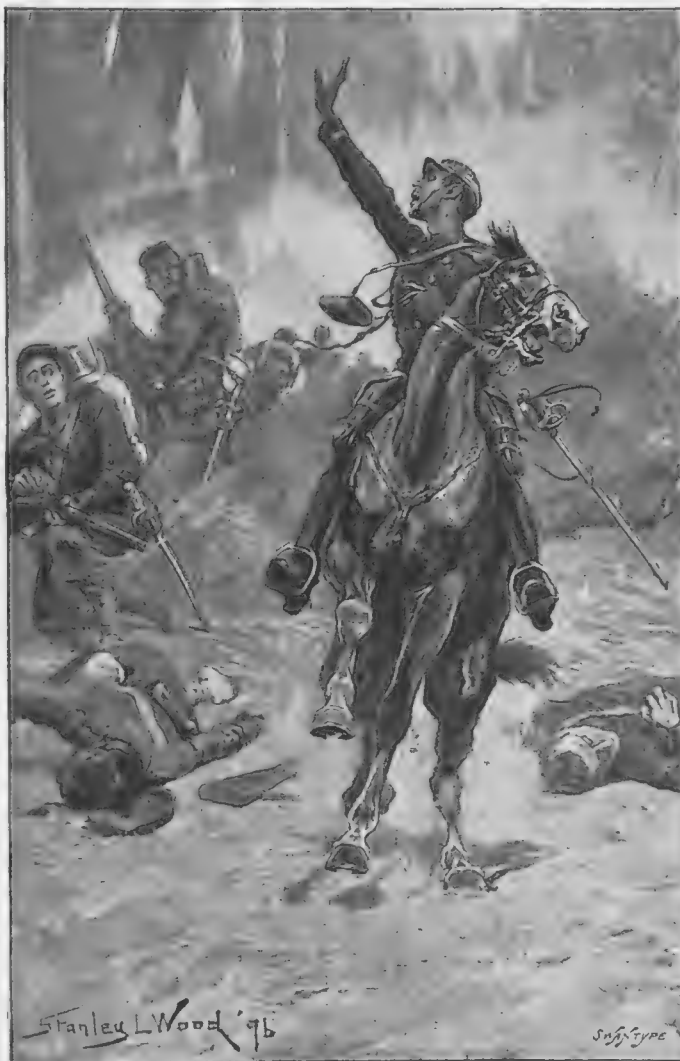
There is scarcely any book which puts in a readable shape the events of the Siege of Paris and the days of the Commune, and "Paris at Bay" is all the more welcome on this account. The story is that of a young Englishman, the nephew of a French Colonel, who is serving in the French Army, and it begins with the Battle of Sedan. The battle pictures are very well done, and the modernity of the subject gives the book an additional interest. Not only has our hero to face the ordinary danger of assassination by the Communards, but hidden dangers lurk on every side owing to the implacable hatred which Pierre Lolet, who is a thorough-paced scoundrel and the leader of a gang of rioters, bears him. The illustrations by Mr. Stanley Wood are extremely good, notably that depicting an incident in one of the sorties from the beleaguered city.

It is pleasant to note the healthy, open-air spirit that pervades these boys' books. We have in eight or nine volumes a series of pictures of the youth of all ages, from the days of Carthage down to this year of grace, and all the specimens are such as good men are made of. Some may deplore the fact that books like these make no demand on a boy's thinking powers, and it may even be said that he carries away little useful information from them. The time was when "Gulliver's Travels" was considered an ideal book for boys, but it may very well be imagined that few boys were ever capable of seeing, if, indeed, they cared to see, beyond the seemingly far-fetched adventures of Gulliver, the bitter satire on the ideas and manners of his day. A shadow seems to have come on the fame of "The Arabian Nights," though the weird pictures of the strange East and the stories of genii, dervishes, robbers, and disguised princes will ever have their own circle of admirers. "Robinson Crusoe" is rather bulky for most boys nowadays, and its archaic language (for pure English must seem archaic now) makes the narrative appear prosy, though what may have injured its popularity most is its caricature in a work called "The Swiss Family Robinson," where even the elements conspire with phenomenal luck to render the exiles' life as comfortable as possible. The modern books, however, are no unworthy successors of these standard boys' books if regarded in the right light. They teach their readers of the making of history by brave deeds.

"The King's Story-Book" is well done. It is nicely printed, it is bound with taste, and it introduces us not merely to good stories, but to good literature, for the authors include Shakspere, Scott, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë, to say nothing of

Lytton. Mr. Gomme has lifted each story from the novel from which it was taken and let it stand alone as "a cameo of English historical fiction." He has succeeded in turning out a most readable book.

Mr. Miles has made an excellent collection of short stories of duty and daring, and all of them well repay perusal. They deal with very varied subjects, and are the work of many writers, but agree in depicting courage and skill under very trying conditions. The first group are stories of boys and the fortunes which befall some of them at school, at home, or during their holidays; and these adventures, though startling enough, are mostly based on truth. A larger group is made up of tales of life and adventure. Perhaps the most exciting of these is "The Ride by Night," a magnificent story of how a young American officer, with ten picked men on the fastest horses in the regiment, ride off, through a country held by Lee's scouting-parties, to deliver a very important despatch; how they dash through the hostile pickets, losing now a man and now a horse—which means its rider too—till but one wearied horseman remained when, at sunrise, the friendly camp was reached. Of History and Romance there are some stirring tales—one in particular of the Indian Mutiny, where the hero lays down his life to save that of his friend, who is also his successful rival in love—while those of the Army and Navy include stories of battle and mutiny, chasing of slavers, and fights with pirates and privateers. Half-a-dozen tales of Mystery and Imagination, like "The Iron Shroud" and "Reichter and his Staghounds," complete a book such as boys delight in and their elders read with pleasure.



GEOFFREY TOWNSEND, THE HERO OF "PARIS AT BAY."

* "A March on London." By G. A. Henty. "With Moore at Corunna." By G. A. Henty. "Lords of the World." By the Rev. A. J. Church. "King Olaf's Kinsman." By Charles W. Whistler. "A Stout English Bowman." By Edgar Pickering. "With Crockett and Bowie." By Kirk Munroe. "Paris at Bay." By Herbert Hayens. London: Blackie and Sons.
 "The King's Story-Book, from the Conquest to William IV." Edited by G. L. Gomme. Illustrated by Harrison Miller. London: Constable.
 "Fifty-two Stories of Duty and Daring for Boys." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. London: Hutchinson and Co.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

If you want to grow old, read and digest the wise saws of Sir James Sawyer. I have read them with interest, because I find that I have been acting upon most of them with unconscious wisdom. "Eight hours' sleep," says Sir James. At a pinch I can even make it nine, and offend no trade union! "Always sleep on your right side." I have done this by instinct ever since I can remember. First, you lie on your left side for a while, and meditate peacefully on the manifold absurdities exhibited by your friends during the day; then, with a satisfied conscience, you turn over, and drop off. I commend this plan to those who suffer from insomnia. "Always keep your bedroom window open." I do it, summer and winter; even the strains of feline rejoicing cannot break the rule. "Avoid the cold tub; adjust the temperature of the bath to that of the body." This is excellent counsel, no doubt, for them that wear purple and fine linen and dwell in king's houses; but I have a taste for martyrdom, and nothing gratifies it so much as the remorseless stream from the cold-water tap of a December morning. "Exercise before breakfast." To this proposition most people who live in town will demur. When I was very young, I had a friend of impatient temper who would sometimes show his displeasure at the domestic regulations by refusing to eat his breakfast. On such occasions he would be pursued to the railway station by his mother, carrying a cup and a plate of bread-and-butter, and crying, "Oh, Percy, don't go without a cup of coffee!" That scene made an indelible impression on my mind!

Not that I would deprecate early morning exercise in town if there were suitable facilities. Some day a spirited County Council may insist on the provision in every street of an apparatus which will enable a man, attired in his bath-towel, to take the air by launching himself from the second-floor window across the way on the flying trapeze. I wish Mr. E. Reed would facilitate progress by drawing a picture in *Punch*, representing the advantages of this system, especially for bulky citizens. It is true that a man might be killed now and then; but the community has been hardened against sudden death by the performances of cyclists in the London streets. However, I am neglecting Sir James. "Drink no milk and avoid intoxicants." Sir James, I presume, is distrustful of germs. Moreover, he may remember a famous Blue Book which proved that the one incorrigible adulterator of milk is the cow. Still, I am unconvinced that rice-pudding will shorten my days. As for intoxicants, why not discriminate? You need not stake your faith, like David Pew, in "Admiral Guinea," on "rum and the blessed Gospel," though that combination is not unknown in the annals of our missionary merchandise. The French peasant who drinks nothing but light wine commonly attains to a ripe old age; and you may find many an octogenarian who all his life has judiciously diluted his blood with the best whisky. Too many noggins of rum inflamed the passions of David Pew; but consider what a grace that liquid may impart to the blameless omelette!

Once start a disputation about rum, and you may struggle in vain for a breathing space between the immortality of the soul and the duties on spirits. Let me hasten to the last precept. "Limit your ambition, and keep your temper." Excellent well; but what is the proper limit of ambition? Will a crossing-sweeper who has made up his mind to be Governor of the Bank of England die young? Would Napoleon have died as early as fifty-two if he had never quitted Corsica? Will the American boy-reporter who has left our shores with the firm resolve to become President of the United States soon be sleeping under the daisies? Are all the old people we know remarkable for sweetness of disposition? Is the ferocious piety which, from age to age, gnashes its teeth over heresy cut off in its orthodox bloom? I see that a bishop has declared cycling, golf, and lawn-tennis to be permissible recreations on Sunday. Will the charitable people who have lost their tempers at this laxity bring a sudden access of business to the undertakers? You may not find it always easy to distinguish between the temper of the froward and the anger of the righteous; but you may notice that irrational tantrums are the daily entertainment of the "unico' guid" who are well stricken in years and ambitious of seeing the damnation of their neighbours.

An article by Dr. Andrew Wilson in *Longman's* suggests that the best of all ways to lengthen our days is of comparatively trifling import. How is a man to avoid the risk of becoming two different people? Will sleeping with the window open, or shunning milk, keep Dr. Jekyll from falling into Mr. Hyde? Dr. Andrew Wilson throws a remarkable light upon Stevenson's fable. It has often been said that Stevenson

deprived his story of all plausibility by making Jekyll's lower nature in the shape of Hyde an absolutely distinct personality, wholly bad, whereas even the worst of men is a complex mixture of good and ill. But the story-teller was more scientific than he knew. By separating Hyde from Jekyll, he illustrated a fact in nature, of which his critics were unaware. Dr. Andrew Wilson cites some cases of this duality. The most remarkable instance is that of a girl who came under the observation of a Bordeaux physician in 1858. In the course of a brief trance she would pass from one self to another, with a complete transformation of her nature. There was no connecting link of memory between the two states. On one occasion the change occurred in a cab when she was returning from a funeral, and she could not understand why she was there, or who was the dead person her companion mourners were talking of.

Now, if Stevenson had known this, he might have constructed his story differently. At least, he might have dispensed with the unsatisfactory agency of the inexplicable potion by which Jekyll effects his transformation to Hyde. Potions are played out in fiction. We may tolerate the hell-broth of the Witches in "Macbeth," if only because one of the ingredients, "nose of Turk," is so modern. Shakspeare had his prophetic eye on Abdul. But, as a rule, when the magician begins to mix the draught for the rash, intruding stranger, my blood refuses to curdle at the stale old trick. Let the story-tellers bundle their caldrons and philtres into the coal-hole and study the revelations of Dr. Andrew Wilson. 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus. When we think with the left lobe of the brain, we are the Brown, Jones, and Robinson that the world knows and esteems. When the left lobe ceases to act, and the right lobe does all the thinking, we are promptly turned into quite different people without the slightest recollection of our former identity. Morally, the change is alarming, because it is with his left brain that man has evolved from primitive savagery, into which he may relapse if the right brain should resume its supremacy. It is startling to think that on one side of your head is the moral law, and on the other the origin of evil, and that a chance brickbat may reduce you to the level of a prehistoric ancestor! Again I ask whether the saws of the wise Sir James can be so adapted as to save us from our double selves? Who can help a horrid suspicion that sleeping on the right side may strengthen the uncivilised lobe of the brain, and make a man who has gone to bed a worthy taxpayer wake one morning a heathen savage?

This theory ought to be welcome to many people who find it difficult to explain their own aberrations. The gentleman who indulges in the illicit and transient ecstasy which brings him before the beak must be tired of attributing it to "a drop o' drink, yer worship." How much more satisfactory, both to intellect and conscience, to put it down to that malicious right lobe! How many authors seem to write with the wrong side of the head! Half-way through a book you are admiring its insight and felicity of exposition, when suddenly the author goes into a trance, and comes out in the other half with a wandering mind and a shocking style. This is how it strikes the reviewer; but how many reviews must strike an author as illustrations of that deplorable outbreak of savage instincts in the uncivilised lobe! I see that Mr. Leslie Stephen, lamenting the accumulation of dead books on the groaning shelves of posterity, suggests that all ephemeral works should be made of "perishable materials." It used to be said that unreadable books went to the trunk-maker; but apparently trunks are no longer made out of discarded literature. Perhaps some ingenious chemist will oblige Mr. Stephen by introducing into paper and binding a dissolvent which will turn them to dust in six months. I wonder what the second-hand bookseller would say if he found half his stock smitten one morning like the hosts of Sennacherib. Besides, what author would consent to be obliterated in this fashion? I fear that Mr. Stephen has exposed his right lobe to grave suspicion!

No; let posterity have our forgotten books and our unacted dramas. I hear of a dramatist who has had twenty-six plays accepted and not one of them produced. The purchaser, I trust, will at least have the decency to instruct his excentors as to the proper care of these treasures, so that a hundred years hence they may fall perchance into the hands of some intelligent manager of the New Century Theatre. Another dramatist is said to be subsisting on the penalties he has enforced for breach of contract by the non-production of his works. It seems there are managers who cheerfully pay this forfeit; and it may strike Mr. Stephen that such a custom might be profitably adopted by publishers. A book which brought its author a comfortable income, not from royalties, but from the coffers of the publisher who would rather pay than publish, would be "perishable material" indeed.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE HAUNTED MILL.

A · NURSERY · RHYME.



A · I · was · going · to · sell · my · eggs

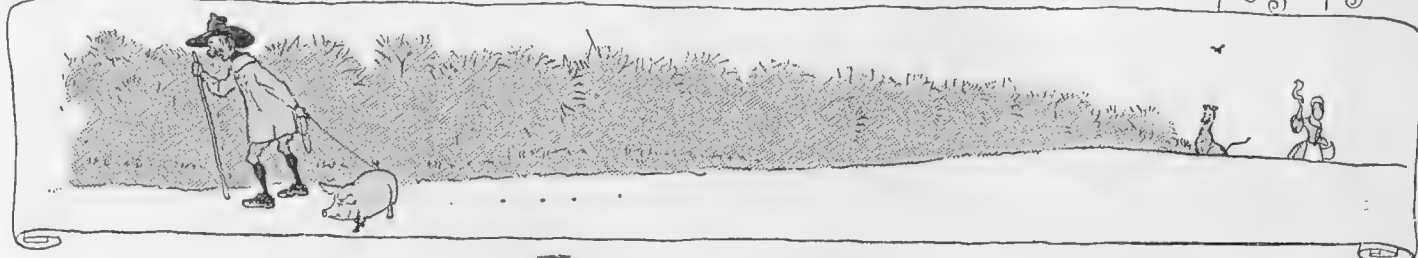


I · met · a · man ·
with · bandy-
legs



B · andy · legs · and · crooked · toes

I · tript · up · his · heels · and · he · fell ·
on · his · nose





ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

"Hold hard, Mate! Blowed if she ain't sprung a leak!"

A REMARKABLE FANCIER OF JAIL-BIRDS.

EX-SERGEANT WHITE OF BOW STREET.

At times, it would seem, the policeman's lot is, after all, a happy one. Last Wednesday, at any rate, Robert of the E Division enjoyed a pleasant half-hour in the yard at Bow Street, where he was mustered in force to witness an interesting ceremony—the giving of a parting present to Sergeant Harry White, ex-Jailer at Bow Street, who has just retired. The men were marshalled in hollow square, or what passed for the same, surrounding a covered table, on which rested a handsome silver tea-service and two leathern cases. At two o'clock, Colonel Probyn, in an appropriate speech, presented Mr. White with a gold watch from a few friends, and, as a "surprise packet," a handsome set of carvers from Messrs. Davidson and Co., of Catherine Street, who supplied the watch and tea-service. The last, subscribed for by officers and men at Bow Street, was presented last by Superintendent Cole, amid the hearty applause of the company. Sergeant White replied with feeling and humour.



SERGEANT HARRY WHITE.

Photo by Embersen, Strand.

grey. His manner is that of one long inured to deal with the vicious and desperate—commanding, yet cautious and reserved. With criminals of every sort he is familiar, and can tell many a strange story not only of twenty years' service at Bow Street, but of earlier days when he did "point" duty in Darkest Seven Dials. From that time Mr. White has brought away many a bruise and honourable scar taken in the interests of law and order.

Twenty-six years ago Harry White joined the force, serving first in the Brixton Division, whence he passed to the E Division, with which he has ever since been connected. Since 1881 he has been Chief Jailer, with the rank of Sergeant. An Inspectorship was open to him, but he preferred to stay where he was, specialising the branch of his profession which he has made peculiarly his own. An arduous task he had, for during his term of office he had dealt with at least 110,000 prisoners, whom he remembers individually almost to a man. Sergeant White never forgot a face.

From the cradle to the grave Sergeant White knows the habitual criminal. He is particularly entertaining in his accounts of boy-offenders and their little "donahs," who come begging to see their convicted swains, whom they encourage with "Keep up 'art, Tommy; I'll act straight towards you." So much for the start. As for the close, the witty ex-officer confesses that, on an execution-morning, his thoughts always turned to the poor wretch who had been his former charge and who was now going to his final release. The murderer on trial turns pathetically to his jailer for a kind word, and usually begs him for some ray of hope. Such was the case with Cream, and many others less notorious. Sergeant White never withheld the kindly word from a prisoner, and in less desperate cases his humanity has been the means of reforming some who might otherwise have gone hopelessly under. His humanity does not end with humanity. His fox-terrier Jock, although a most reputable character, was for fourteen years "well known to the police." His handsome cat Jerry, too, bears himself so bravely that none would guess he was once a little starved waif of Clare Market, rescued by the Sergeant's goodness of heart.

The casual visitor to the police-court does not guess, when he sees the orderly procession of prisoners pass through the dock, how much skill and organisation is necessary to work that smooth machinery of justice. Sometimes no fewer than one hundred and twenty prisoners have had to be dealt with in a single day. These the Chief Jailer has to enter by name and with full particulars not only in his own register, but in the magistrate's as well, no light task as regards mere clerical work alone. In addition to this, he must see that the prisoners are brought into court in the correct order, and that every officer connected with the case is ready to answer to his name, must register the sentences, see to the despatch of the convicted to the various prisons, and generally have them all, so to speak, in his eye, and in Sergeant White's eye every prisoner was indelibly photographed.

The ex-Chief Jailer has not been permitted to retire without some substantial marks of appreciation on the part of his colleagues and superiors. Besides the testimonial above mentioned, he was presented the other day with a tea-service subscribed for by the officers of the C.I.D. The presentation took place at Scotland Yard, where Superintendent Swanson spoke in high terms of the assistance the Headquarters Staff had received from Sergeant White, and wished him long life to enjoy his well-earned pension.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The present disturbance of French society over the Dreyfus case is characteristic of the unrest that has been the most remarkable feature of life under the Republic since that mode of government was adopted. The facts of the affair do not seem so terrible to the outside observer. An officer of Jewish race was accused of selling French military secrets to Germany; he was tried by court-martial at a time when the Anti-Semitic agitation was very strong, or, at least, very noisy. The trial was conducted by other officers, with closed doors, and the accused found guilty and sentenced to be publicly degraded—a ceremony which he bore with remarkable fortitude—and imprisoned for life on an island near Cayenne. His relatives are naturally still convinced of his innocence, so are not a few influential and impartial persons. The circumstances of his trial were notoriously such as might easily have led to a miscarriage of justice. The brother of Dreyfus accuses another officer of the crime for which Dreyfus was punished. Other persons suggest that the accused was the victim of a bogus treachery, invented by the person who was rewarded for exposing it.

Now, with regard to such a question, the duty of the French Government is clear, and there is no reason to suppose it will not be carried out properly. If the champions of Dreyfus can produce any evidence tending to establish his innocence, it is their duty to bring it forward. If this evidence furnishes a strong *prima facie* case in his favour, an inquiry into the whole trial should be conducted by trained judges, and the Press and the public should be invited, or compelled, to maintain a decorous silence on a matter that is *sub judice*. Possibly this may still happen, but at present trial by newspaper is the order of the day—an anarchy tempered by duels.

It is a pity that people cannot keep their heads. When Dreyfus was accused, Frenchmen seemed to think that his crime was a stain on the national reputation, though Frenchmen have often been betrayed before, and always think and say they are, whenever beaten. When Dreyfus was sentenced we were told that France could only wash off the stain of his guilt by making his punishment as vindictive as possible. Then there have been stories afloat as to the escape of the prisoner, and his being replaced by a double. Now the Anti-Semite journals declare that a vast Jewish conspiracy is trying to rehabilitate the traitor and ruin the glory of France—and why? Because a man of Jewish descent actually dares to object to his brother being in penal servitude for a crime of which he believes him innocent. It needs a deep and deadly plot to make a family dislike being told that its name is branded with infamy! A mere Briton often wonders why Frenchmen so often talk what they surely must know to be nonsense. Our journalists and speakers often do this, but then our language lends itself to ambiguity. French is a tongue of terrible lucidity, and bosh in French is very palpable bosh indeed. The Symbolists and Decadents instinctively felt this, and to enable them to talk nonsense undetected they invented several new languages on a French basis.

Whether M. Dreyfus has fixed on the right man as the traitor for whose act his brother was punished would seem more than doubtful. Count Esterhazy, as a Frenchman has very sensibly said, would appear sure of acquittal, if only he would not insist on defending himself by telling fairy-tales. The story of the veiled lady, the mysterious meeting, the purloined document, and all the rest of it, smacks of its *London Journal* at a mile off. One wonders why a man should resort to such tactics, unless he either is crazy or wants to appear so.

Then there is the strange story of the Kaiser's interference, the offer to pledge his honour as man and Emperor that Dreyfus was not the man through whom the German War Office got its secret information. The whole affair is wrapped in a mist of wild and whirling words, and it is probable that we shall never get to the truth of it. Nor is there any necessity for this. If the German Emperor chooses to maintain silence on any topic whatever, the world should be too grateful to inquire into the reasons for his reticence. Of the story about him, one might say that it might possibly be true—only that it appears in the *Figaro*.

The whole nasty business comes from the double initial mistake of trying Dreyfus by court-martial and trying him with closed doors. Anti-Semites clamour that, in seeking to rehabilitate Dreyfus, his friends are attacking the honour of the gallant officers who formed the court. This is silly. All that is necessary for the Dreyfus family to say is that the judges were soldiers, not lawyers, and that, in a complicated and mysterious case, which had excited great public interest, they would be unable to weigh evidence scientifically and conclude impartially, as a regular judge could do. Surely this is an obvious fact. Innocent men have been condemned honestly by trained judges; how much more by army officers!

But really, Anti-Semitism seems to rob a Frenchman of half his intelligence, if not more. Even on the immortal "Gyp" has dulness descended. Some of her latest skits, apart from their pictures, are simply stale and wearisome. And age is no recommendation to the works of Martel with one *L*, however it may enhance the value of Martell with two.

MARMITON.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The champion team of Rangoon for the season of 1897 is the Rangoon Gymkhana Football Team. The Gymkhana met and defeated all the principal teams in the competition for the local championship, and nearly won the championship of Burmah, as, after drawing with the Royal



THE RANGOON GYMKHANA FOOTBALL TEAM.

Scots (2-2), they were beaten by them in the final for the Locke Shield by 2 to 1. The following gentlemen comprise the group, beginning from the left-hand in each line—

Sergeant Osborne, groundsman; W. Rae, committee; W. A. Crighton, goal, late Manchester R.F.C.; J. A. Messenger, hon. secretary; R. J. Brown, outside right; J. B. Orr, committee, late Greenheys F.C., Manchester; J. Wood, committee; Captain Dewing, centre half; V. W. Wood, right half; A. Frazer, centre, late Queen's Park F.C., Scotland; G. W. Dawson, left half, late Old Carthusians F.C.; R. W. Halliday, right back, late Old Harrovians F.C.; J. S. Lidderdale, left back, late Charterhouse F.C.; J. S. Walker, inside right, late Dumbarton F.C.; Lieut. H. R. Troup, inside left; R. Reid, outside left.

The team's record for the season is as follows—Played, 23; won, 16; lost, 5; drawn, 2; goals for, 80; goals against, 26. In cup-ties the record was as follows—Played, 7; won, 5; lost, 1; drawn, 1; goals for, 22; goals against, 5.

RACING NOTES.

Entries have, so far, been scarce for the more important races under National Hunt Rules. Perhaps this is accounted for in some measure by owners and trainers wanting a rest after the arduous labours of the flat-racing season. A few weeks ago, I was talking to a Southern trainer who has charge of horses that run both winter and summer, and he expressed the opinion that there was far too much racing to suit him. Things may improve after Christmas, but I am afraid there will not be many fresh additions to the ranks of steeplechasers. One or two influential owners are having their horses schooled over hurdles, notably the Prince of Wales and Lord Montagu, so that some fresh life will be infused into that branch of National Hunt sport.

It is only meet that the stable that boasts royal patronage should have won more in stakes than any other, and Richard Marsh must feel a proud man when he ruminates on the big things done by horses under his charge during 1897. As regards number of races won, however, Peace, of Lambourn, for the second year in succession, comes out on top, and it must be admitted by all who follow racing closely that this feat has been achieved more by 'cute placing than any other method. Then, again, Hornsby, whose luck early in the season was really extraordinary, can lay claim to having sent out the largest number of winners, no fewer than twenty-seven having hailed from his stables, while Marsh had to be content with one less. But, while Peace is at the top of one list and Hornsby of the other, neither of them come within twenty-five thousand pounds of the value of the stakes won by Egerton House horses.

The advent of Sloane and the success that has attended his efforts in the saddle in this country have opened the eyes of Englishmen to the utility of running races through from start to finish at a mean pace. Most of the American jockey's wins were scored on horses which he rode in this fashion, and it was an eye-opener indeed when he got Bavelaw Castle home. A good many of our jockeys hug the "waiting" policy, and there is no doubt many races have been lost in this manner. Now it would not be a bad idea if those of our jockeys who have nothing to do during

the winter would practise this American system and teach themselves to know to a second or two how long it would take them to cover a certain distance. It would not only be advantageous to them, but also keep them in useful employment.

Disraeli, who beat Dieudonne at Derby, looks like growing into a grand three-year-old. Already he has improved since his last race, in which he was not altogether himself. As for Dieudonne, it cannot be said with any certainty that his lungs are affected. But there is the suspicion, and backers should be chary of supporting the Duke of Devonshire's crack for his three-year-old races. Ormathwaite will not be an easy animal to get ready if the ground gets hard early next year, as he is a heavy-topped animal. Lord Durham owns a nice-looking colt, in Gerolstein, that has not yet run, and for which his lordship paid two thousand six hundred guineas. If looks and price go for anything, this son of St. Serf and Geraldine ought to win races when he has grown a bit. Owing to being backward, Peck did not attempt to train him for his two-year-old races.

Perhaps it is too early to indulge in lamentations over the new flat-races run under National Hunt rules, but those decided last week were not conspicuous successes. Mr. McCalmont led off right royally by liberally endowing the Cheveley Cup, and the conditions of the race were so drawn that the event assumed more the aspect of a handicap than what it really was—a weight-for-age race. Notwithstanding this, and that the ground was in perfect order, the thing fizzled into a very small affair, and not much can be said of the other race of a similar kind at Kempton. Perhaps, when owners have become a little more accustomed to the innovation, we shall see more sporting events. Personally, I should like to see them turn out a success, but, like the Scotchman, I have "ma doots."

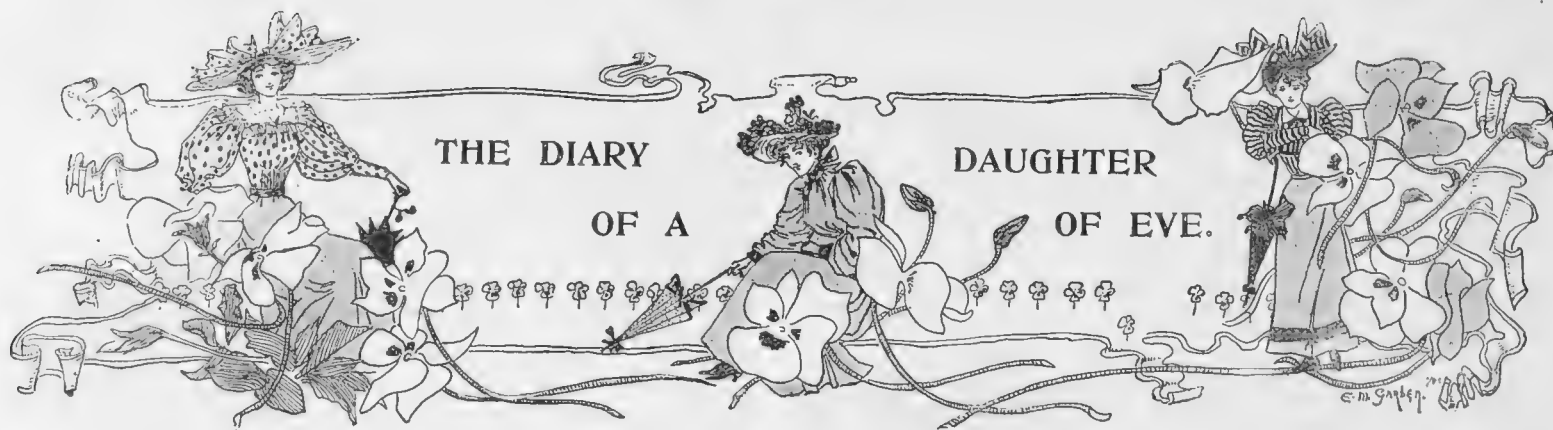
The tipping circular merchants have been very busy of late, and I have received within the last few weeks hundreds of these precious documents from correspondents, many of whom complain that they were sent to them unsolicited. The authorities might easily stop this sort of thing by getting a law passed under which any tipster sending a circular to a person through the post unasked could be severely punished. Many correspondents who do not take any interest whatever in racing complain of having received the circulars, and I think a stop should be put to the business.

A rare and growing interest is taken in the annual December blood-stock sales at Newmarket. On glancing through the advertisement, one cannot help noticing the number of disappointing animals that will come under the hammer. To-morrow, for instance, there is Tambour, who, as a two-year-old, won a nursery up the old Cambridgeshire hill in such a style that many thought the colt was sure to win a big race later on. He was well backed for the City and Suburban in the following year, but he falsified all expectations and has apparently gone altogether to the bad. The Manton bogey horse Jacobus, too, is to be sold, and mayhap those people who think no bad thing can come out of the Manton Nazareth will have the opportunity of seeing if a change in ownership will imbue the colt with the form necessary to winning an important handicap. Lord Rosebery has apparently tired of Quarrel, who, however, should fetch as good a price as he did when last put up to sale. Other disappointments that will be put into the sale-ring are Mr. Morbery's Olive Wood and His Reverence.

CAPTAIN COE.

SHOOTING.

Although the lucky owners of densely covered lands where preserving is most carefully carried on may be well content with the shooting season, so far as it has gone, the man who rents rough shooting cannot altogether congratulate himself upon the sport. Partridges have been very wild and strong on the wing; walking them up had become a pastime for children by mid-September, and now the man who can stop the driven birds as they come along with the speed of lightning or a professional bicyclist may reckon himself a good shot. Of all birds, the grouse is, perhaps, the hardest to hit; speaking personally, I believe the only way to stop a grouse is to fire just before the bird comes in sight. But, next to the grouse, commend me to the red-legged partridge driven in late November. The merry snipe only requires a knack on the part of the shooter, and he yields his little life without complaint; the sly, retiring *Scolopax* usually pays death-penalty to a cool hand and steady eye; the red-legged bird, on the other hand, always wants a splendid shot when he is coming towards the barrels, and really the only sure way for the unsure shot is to let him pass, and then fire. A couple of weeks or so ago, after more than two months' steady partridge-practice, I went covert-shooting on a friend's estate in the pleasant county of Kent, and was a revelation not only to myself and host, but to the grim head-keeper, who rebuked me last year for blowing the tails off his master's birds. So out of evil comes good; and yet I wish the brown birds were not so wild this year, for I like them, and my friends like them, and while bags are small my friends get left, and I eat with a heavy conscience and consequent indigestion.

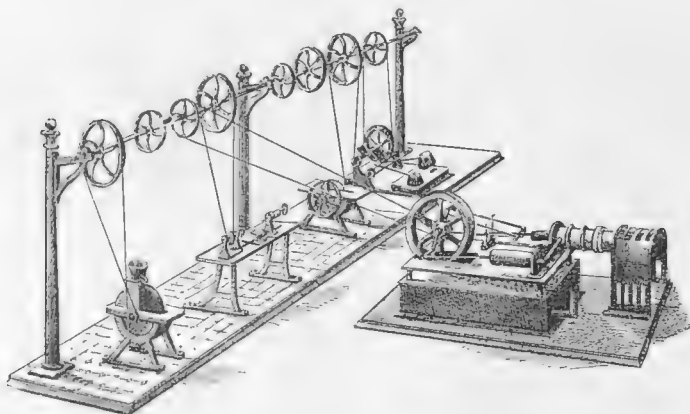


Monday.—I am about to publish a revised geography dealing merely with London as the centre of the universe, and noting, of course, as a special point of interest the land of shops. I think it shall commence like this—

"Town is an island surrounded by shops, with shops as the centre of attraction. There are many inhabitants, and they all dwell in these shops, which are famous for the diversity of their contents as well as their prodigality, and the capital of London is in South Africa." Perhaps this does not sound correct. I had better keep me to plain facts. The plainest fact which I know at the moment is that Parkins and Gotto's, of 62, Oxford Street, is the ideal place in which to buy toys for boys, toys which are indeed toys. Wonderful engines they have here; I spent hours gazing at their motors. Scientifically I am appallingly ignorant, but each one of these engines is a lesson in itself. One was worked with hot air, another with steam, and a third with gas, and their force is positively amazing. I watched one of them get up speed and make

baby in its depths. It is so prettily upholstered, too, either in blue or cream or white; but perhaps it looks its best in the art-green, and it has a patent hood.

An excellent present for a boy is a bicycle, and at Hitching's they



ENGINE WORKING A FACTORY AT PARKINS AND GOTTO'S.

some electric light, and another personally conducted a motor round the room, while a third did all the work of a small metal-factory. This factory has a complete equipment, and an engine is fixed on to it, and works in a method absolutely safe; there is no fear of anything exploding, because it is so perfectly adjusted, and each of these instruments can be worked together or separately. Every well-conducted boy of intelligent habit should have an engine from Parkins and Gotto's, I am perfectly persuaded of that; while his little sister can from the same establishment be kept well amused, so that she shall not interfere with her brother, by the possession of some of the mechanical toys. One of the best of them, I think, is a magician bear, who sits at a table and, to slow music, displays beneath his hat different jewels.

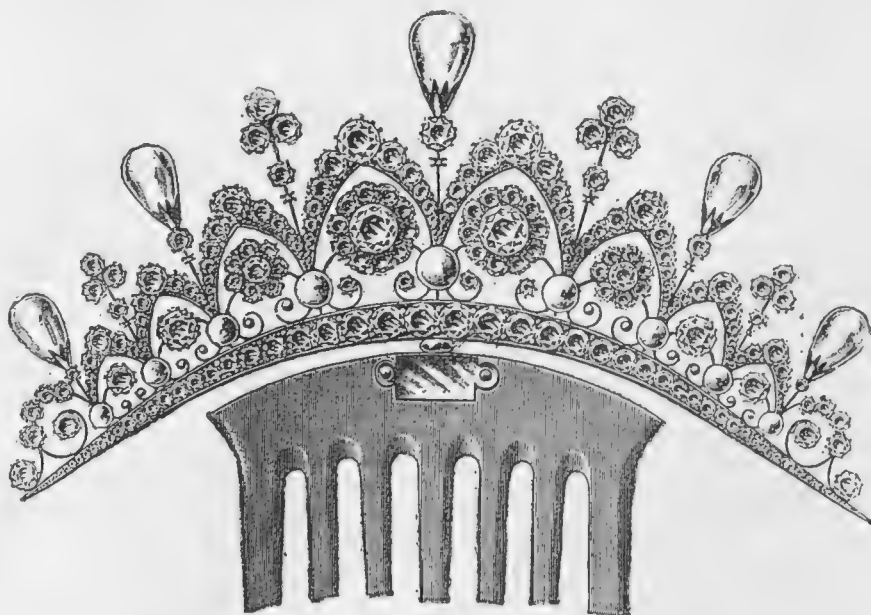
The grown-up sister of that same family—I am sure there is a grown-up sister—might by the Fairy Godmother—and, by the way, this season of the year the Fairy Godmother is a relation without which no family should be considered complete—be presented with a rope of pearls from the Faulkner Diamond Company, 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street, and this need not involve any great expenditure. There are ropes of pearls here, with diamond tassels at the end, for the price of five guineas. A less expensive outlay might be well directed towards a pair of diamond buckles, and a great temptation to liberality might be found in the hair-ornaments here, some diamond combs with pearl upright ornaments being particularly effective. A very attractive bracelet, too, is a gold curb with a flexible centre formed of diamond links; and a pearl collar of the fashionable shape, made of ten straight rows fastened with bars of diamonds, must be voted a most excellent bargain at £4 18s.

And that same Fairy Godmother, who might be a grand-mother, could supply the baby with a little gift from Hitching and Wynn's, of 198, Oxford Street; the new car here, "The Princess Olga," would give the infant a taste of the luxurious ease of the day. It is arranged so that the child can either sit or lie, by very simple adjustment, and it is fitted with patent Cee-springs and hollow-tired wheels, and defies even the most irritable of nurses to jerk the



MAGICIAN BEAR AT PARKINS AND GOTTO'S.

arrive at bicycles which are cheap and thoroughly reliable; indeed, it is a most fascinating establishment in which to shop for the children, for no toy pleases a little girl more than a perambulator for her doll; the mail-carts are a joy alike to the mother and the child; a high chair tells its own tale of advantage, especially the one which is convertible



DIAMOND COMB FROM THE FAULKNER DIAMOND COMPANY.

into a low chair, with a play-table in front, and is to be bought for 18s. 6d.; and for the boys who are too young to have a bicycle the silent horse-tricycle should be secured.

Oh, how tired I was when I got home from inspecting all these

things! I had just sufficient energy to throw myself into a tea-gown and on to a sofa and snatch a sleep disturbed only by dreams of Christmas catalogues.

Wednesday.—Time was made for slaves, but the time-pieces at Sir John Bennett's, of 65, Cheapside, were made for the whole world. There is every conceivable kind of watch and clock in this vast establishment, and set in every conceivable kind of case, from the plainest to the most elaborate. There are philosophers who have been known to declare that the watch is the most useful possession in the world, for it will always fetch its value. This is an important inducement, no doubt, to the impecunious, and they are wise in their generation to buy their watches at Bennett's, who guarantee that these are of the best; but, after all, we do not, many of us, buy our watches so that they may in turn buy us a dinner—they are an indispensable possession for more attractive reasons. A watch has perennial charms; there is no season of the year that it is not a suitable offering, and in these times, when the children learn to tell the time as soon as they can lisp in numbers, Sir John Bennett's watches come under the category of the gift which



JEWELLERY AT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.

is at once a joy and a profit. But there are other things besides watches at 65, Cheapside; there is every description of jewellery, from the most expensive to the mere trifle, and among them a novelty in links, and, as these are an article of jewellery very little studied, it is a special pleasure to meet them. They are jewelled—either diamonds or sapphires being popular—and they have a peculiar swivel at the back, so that they can be adjusted with the greatest of ease; and anyone who suffers, as most people do, from an over-starched cuff and over-stiff link will recognise the advantage of the novelty. Among other pretty things here is a brooch simulating a Malacca cane in gold decked with turquoises and pearls. A very attractive brooch, too, shows a combination of rubies and diamonds in a shaped bar; a scroll bracelet encloses two diamonds and three turquoises, and a new pendant has a centre emerald with a drop pearl and scrolls of diamonds. A golden heart, indispensable to the conduct of every muff-chain, appears with a little trefoil of diamonds at one side. The decorative and the valuable are alike studied in the jewellery at Sir John Bennett's, and she or he who is too idle to wander down Cheapside is wrong, but she or he can make a virtue out of her or his vice by sending for an illustrated catalogue.

Friday.—Gertie wired me this morning that she proposed to spend the entire day with me. I replied in terms more or less attractive, "Delighted; but I must shop." I am about to write a poem—

Shop, shop, shop, in mud and slush and rain,
A woman went in her coupé trim, to shop and shop again.

I was just meditating on this when Gertie arrived bearing in her right hand a list. She actually had the audacity to think that I was to devote

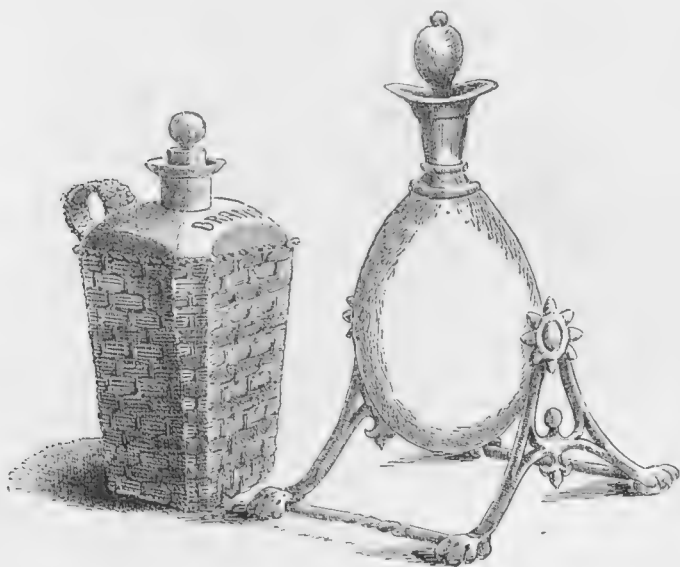
cut-glass, is of monster dimensions, and has a silver top with a watch inside. "A novelty, a novelty!" we observed in concert, also making the same observation over some flower-vases in red glass, with silver-gilt and a crocus design; these are most effective. And then we admired a whisky-jar in delf simulating wickerwork, with a silver cork at the top. There are many pretty inducements to drink. One long green wooden tray has a liqueur-set upon it, with silver-gilt handles and rims of silver-gilt to the glasses. A new spirit-stand, which is of cut-glass and silver mounted in a frame of silver, tips up to dispense its contents. A new shape of cut-glass scent-bottle was a joy to both of us, square at the base and tapering up to the top, with a double lip to pour out either way. Elkington's have an assortment of cloisonné ware which is lovely; the colourings are a perfect treat, the best examples of the genius of Japan. There are some beautiful spoons with gilt, blue, enamel, and dead-gold designs upon the handles. A good present to offer a man is a cigar-clip of gun-metal and gold, with the knob set with garnets, and a member of the same more or less exalted sex would cheerfully receive one of the new pencils containing four colours, made of gun-metal, with the stops jewelled. Gertie purchased for her husband, whom she exclusively adores in a fashion dated about 1830, a dish to keep hash or food of any kind warm, inspired by electricity—an excellent dish to set before a king, or Gertie's husband, which, to her mind, is the same thing.

We went on shopping for many hours, and, among other interesting places, we visited Osler's, 100, Oxford Street. Here there is an ideal decoration for the dinner-table, the daintiest of ornaments made in oxidised silver, with fine glass vases of slender shapes to hold flowers. These are very little raised above the table-cloth, and are pre-eminently decorative. We both conceived a great admiration too

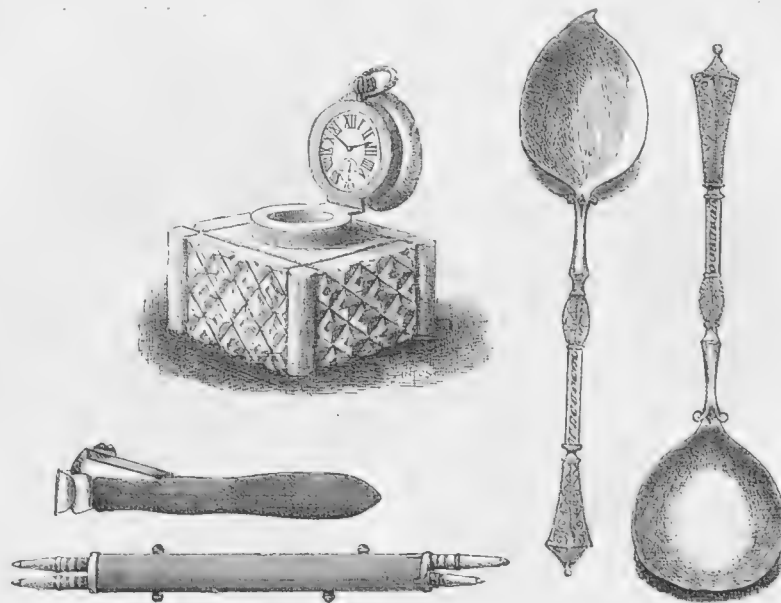


CLOTH DRESS WITH CARACULE BODICE AND FLOUNCE.

[Copyright.]



JAR AND SPIRIT-STAND AT ELKINGTON'S.

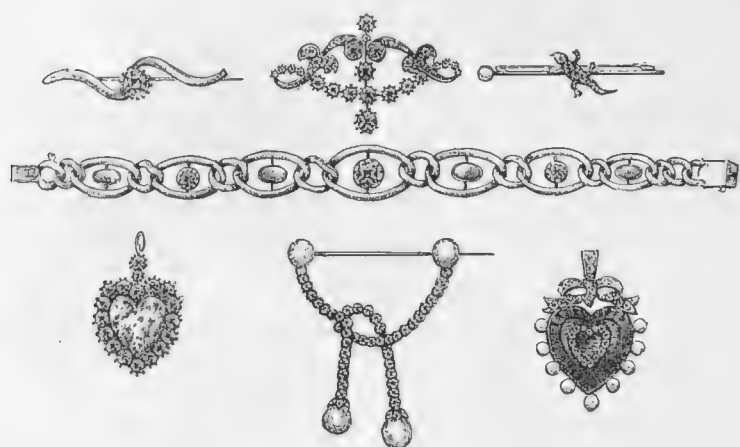


NOVELTIES AT ELKINGTON'S.

myself to her wants instead of my own—well, she was quite right. We went to Elkington's first, 22, Regent Street, and pounced with exceeding excitement on the newest inkbottle there. It is made of

for Osler's cut-glass huge bowls, standing on gold-metal feet, with a band of gold-metal round their necks. These are ideal for holding roses, and the same idea is carried out on glasses specially fitted for

chrysanthemums. Osler's are among the few people who have the slightest idea how to treat electric light. The most original designs are a huge group of leaves, with long sprays of flowers, with the blossom at the end enclosing a light. Then a small stand for a table of very



JEWELLERY AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

pleasing aspect is a bunch of bulrushes, the elongated brown piece at the top being replaced by a piece of glass, of the same shape, of course, which contains the wire. There are some most elegant maidens and some graceful angels holding lights hanging from bunches of flowers with pleasing grace. And a wall-bracket, executed with originality, shows a group of spears set in crystal and tipped with the lamps. There are more things in lighting by electricity than are dreamt of in the philosophy of most folks, but Osler's are exceptions to the rule of ignorance.

Our last journey was to Wilson and Gill's, of 134, Regent Street. After this I positively refused to move another yard, though Gerty was still "going strong," as the sporting folks would call it. She went to Wilson and Gill's mainly to buy for her two little nieces a moiré ribbon with the jewelled slide, on whose charms, she says, I continue to expatiate with a persistence worthy only of a traveller in German wines. Candidly, I think this new ribbon delightful: I am prepared to say it every week and every hour. The latest form of frog takes the shape of a frog with diamond eyes. Fascinating little hearts are also persuaded to do duty made in jewels of every description, and a fleur-de-lys in gold with a couple of gems in it is a bargain for the modest price of 27s. 6d., or it may be 30s.—I never can recollect prices properly. Wilson and Gill's are, however, full of other charms in most senses of the word. There are animals of every description modelled in gold to hang on a chain, there are miniatures in gold and in diamonds, and there is an array of hearts enough to satisfy any Don Juan of any period, one particularly pretty example being made of green enamel outlined with pearls, a small group of diamonds in the centre, and a loop and ends of diamonds tied into a bow at the top. A loose string of diamonds tied into a knot with pearl ends is an excellent diamond brooch, and another heart forms a pendant made of opal bordered with diamonds, with a diamond loop. An irregular curb-bracelet has four turquoises and three diamonds in oval links; a very pretty scroll-brooch in gold has a diamond to join the design in the

for more than four hours at a stretch. I should really have been too exhausted to enjoy my dinner had it not been for the invigorating qualities of a bath served hot with a liberal supply of Scrubb's Ammonia in it. Scrubb's Ammonia is one of the joys of my life. No matter how fatigued or stupid or dull I feel—and the like misfortune occurs to me at intervals—Scrubb's Ammonia wakes me up. I remember, when Nita's little girl was asked what she liked best in the world, she replied, "Scrubb's Ammonia," just as if she were an advertisement agent. She was quite innocent; she really meant a testimony to its effect in removing those stains from her frocks which in her youthful enthusiasm she never failed to achieve hourly.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

FIELDER.—The Coupé Company has depôts all over London; there is scarcely a neighbourhood which does not boast its yard. There is a new one just opened



[Copyright.]

GIRL'S NET DRESS TRIMMED WITH RIBBON.

on the north side of Hyde Park which would be in your vicinity; but in any case, if you send your order to 14, Regent Street, it will be transferred to the yard nearest your house. Now for the question which really legitimately belongs to my department. The black net I like so much is chenille-spotted, and looks its best when used over white, trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon, with a large bunch of pink roses at the side of the décolletage, which should have white lace or black velvet, according to the individual fancy. It makes a charming gown, and is an excellent means of doing up an old foundation. You can get it from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street.

NOTE.—Owing to pressure on my space, I regret that some answers must be postponed till next issue.

VIRGINIA.

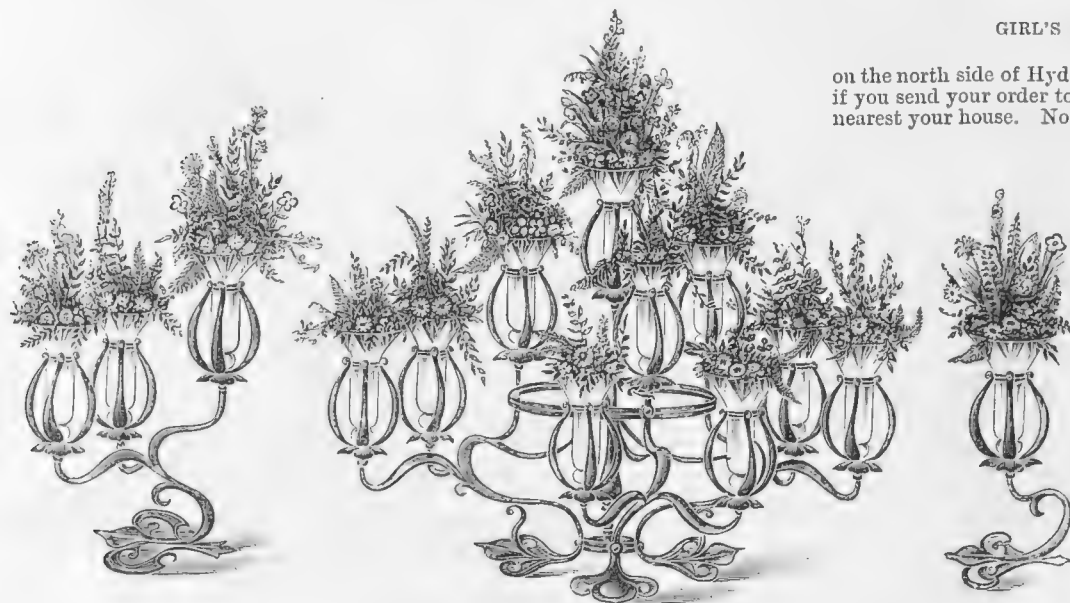


TABLE DECORATION AT OSLER'S.

centre, and a brooch of diamonds set in silver has a pendent diamond and an open centre. A new design in cheap brooches has an emerald lizard spreading himself out, with more enthusiasm than elegance, on a safety-pin with a pearl tip. Not another moment would I stay after I had seen all these things. Gerty is a fine, strong, healthy young woman, but I am much too delicate to bear the burden and cold of the Christmas-time

The celebrated perfumery, Ed. Pinaud, of Paris, has been granted the highest award, "Grand Prix," at the recent Brussels Universal Exhibition, for the high excellence of its products.

This is excellent news about a fresh English Opera Company, to be headed by Madame Moody and her husband, Mr. Charles Manners. The "Cornish Nightingale" was once the most popular member of the Carl Rosa Company some years ago, and her name is certainly a draw throughout the provinces. In London she has sung in opera with success both at Drury Lane and at Covent Garden, but in the conflict of claims for precedence in the Grand season, the merits of Madame Sainton-Dolby's pupil have received less general recognition than they should have done.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Dec. 8, 4.43; Thursday, 4.42; Friday, 4.40; Saturday, 4.39; Sunday, 4.37; Monday, 4.36; Tuesday, 4.34.

Certain people declare that the supposed robbery of cycles in Oxford Street last week was "merely an advertisement"; but, then, some people seem to have "advertisement" on the brain, for I heard it said that the Piccadilly jewel-robbery, too, was "merely an advertisement." Probably we shall soon be told that the City fire was "merely an advertisement" for somebody's safes, that the lady who died of laughter in Birmingham did so merely to "puff" Dan Leno, and that the recent gales were brought about merely with a view to benefitting astrologers and giving a leg-up to the Golden Haven of Rest that eloquent pulpsters so love to enlarge upon. I hear, by the way, that a new way of running cycles will soon be described in the cycling papers. As yet I am not at liberty to publish particulars.

According to a contemporary, the Simpson lever-chain "boom" has reached the limit of its tether. *Le chat est mort, vive le chat!* Many Simpson cycles fitted with plain chains are now on view, and, shorn of the stickleback arrangement, the Simpson cycles look infinitely more workmanlike. I am told, too, that the emasculated Simpson cycle is a capital "mover."

The bicycle of 1898 may be looked upon as absolutely perfect. So, at least, a very clever engineer, in no way connected with the trade, frankly tells me. The chainless machine may come into fashion, he says, but he gives it as his opinion—and his opinion carries considerable weight—that no chainless machine will be found to excel the ordinary safety of 1898, though several sorts of chainless cycles may some day be found to be fully as serviceable, and as comfortable to ride.

I was prowling in the Aquarium, a day or two ago, inspecting the bicycles and the incubated babies, and glancing at the fish, queer and otherwise, with which "England's home of mystery" is so plentifully stocked, when a soft voice accosted me. Turning, I beheld a man, who, in the same soft tones, inquired whether I had seen his new patent machine. Upon my answering in the negative, he buttonholed me, drew me to one side, and then and there treated me to an elaborate description of a bicycle "warranted not to get muddy, and which, therefore, never needs cleaning." Of course, I at once perceived that the poor fellow was of unsound mind—a bicycle crank, in fact; but so delighted was he at having arrested my attention that I could neither shake him off nor stop his incessant flow of language, and I had finally to quit the building through sheer desperation and whistle up a motor, which, as the Irishman said, "is accomplished by ringing a bell." Let me warn cyclists and others to keep clear of this deluded mortal. I am told that he patronises nearly every cycle show in England and all the shows of the sort near London.

A righteously indignant correspondent sends particulars of a case lately decided by a provincial magistrate. According to the law, "every cyclist must carry a lighted lamp during the period between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, so placed as to signal his approach." It seems that one evening, after dark, a tandem collided with a bicycle. The bicycle and the tandem carried each a lighted lamp. The bicyclist sued the riders of the tandem for damages, and the magistrate held that the tandem was to blame, *because it carried two riders and had only one lamp!* Was ever judgment more unfair? According to this magistrate, therefore, a multicycle would be obliged to carry eight or ten lamps, and as many bells, gongs, or whistles, for the law says that "audible and sufficient warning, by sounding a bell, whistle, or otherwise, must be given by every cyclist upon overtaking any cart, or carriage, or any foot-passenger on the carriage-way." Truly, some of our local legislators need common sense.

Cycling calendars and Christmas cards are well provided for by Messrs. Marcus Ward, of Belfast. In one (circular) calendar you get twelve amusing pictures for the different months. Then there is a capital card of a "prehistoric scorchers" (naked save for his rude "trunks") aboard a primitive solid wood wheel. A bicycle-girl of Mr. Edward Reed, *The Sketch* artist, is beautifully reproduced in monochrome, and one dainty damsel wheels it in gay colours.

The Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan may not be quite accurate in his assertion that the real inventor of the bicycle was a sturdy blacksmith who bore the same name as himself. It is the case, however, that Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a famous Dumfriesshire son of Vulcan, constructed, about sixty years ago, a machine which may be regarded as the prototype of the chain-driven cycle of the present day. Macmillan achieved more than this, for he accomplished the first long-distance spin on record, riding on his velocipede from Thornhill to Glasgow and back—a distance altogether of about a hundred and thirty miles. The *Dumfries Courier* of June 13, 1842, states that Macmillan had covered a distance of forty miles in five hours, a remarkable feat for the period. The rider attracted considerable attention in Glasgow, and had the misfortune to knock over a child, for which offence he was mulcted in the sum of five shillings. Macmillan was a man of inventive faculty, and belonged to a family who severally distinguished themselves, his eldest brother, at one time tutor to John Bright, becoming Rector of Glasgow High School.

In the notice of some of the principal exhibits at the Stanley Show my correspondent stated that the Palmer cycles were built with cap and cone hubs. The company now courteously inform me that this is only

true of their standard pattern; but that their well-known "Pyx" machines (especially designed for path and road racing) are fitted with disc adjusting hubs, and I am very glad to give publicity to the correction. As a matter of fact, my Show correspondent carefully examined one machine on the stand, and assumed that the hubs of the rest of the exhibit were of the same general construction.

The important question, "Is cycling compatible with the dignity of a crown?" has been seriously occupying the attention of the Privy Council of Holland. The young Queen has recently been paying a visit to the Court of Vienna, and, while there, fell a victim to cyclomania. On her return to Holland she brought with her a cycle, and amused herself riding up and down the walks of the royal garden. The Queen-Regent, however, was seized with scruples as to the propriety of her daughter's amusement, and summoned the Privy Council to determine the knotty point. These grave and reverend signiors deliberated on the question, and finally gave an adverse decision. A crowned head was too valuable to be risked on a bicycle. "Therefore," said the President, "we humbly implore your Gracious Majesty not to expose your precious life to this danger, how slight soever it may seem." And the poor young Queen has been forced to relinquish her wheel. From this I gather that the Kingdom of Holland is not quite up to date, and that the proverb, "The King can do no wrong," does not apply to youthful Queens. The Czar is more fortunate; but, then, he is an autocrat, and if it pleases him to cycle, there is none to forbid. He has recently purchased two new bicycles, one for himself and one for the Czarina, so he evidently does not consider either his or her life too precious to risk awheel. The young Queen is deserving of all sympathy in being debarred the health-giving and invigorating exercise of the wheel, and it really is hard to see why cycling should be regarded as undignified for the Queen of Holland, while it is not so for the Empress of Russia. The little King of Spain, who is some six years younger than the Dutch Queen, cycles for an hour or two every day, and is said to have derived much benefit from it. One does not associate the figure of the typical Dutchman with the graceful cyclist, so probably the worthy Councillors of Holland are anti-cyclists, and that accounts for the prohibition, but a change of Ministry might possibly restore the confiscated wheel to its royal mistress.

A friend of mine has just had built for her the largest lady's bicycle I have yet seen; it is a Raleigh, and has a 28-inch frame. She told me, however, that it weighed only about 31 lb. She is very tall, being about 6 ft. 2 in. in height, so requires a machine considerably above the average size—indeed, I believe this is the largest lady's bicycle that the Raleigh works have as yet turned out. This very tall and graceful lady is a well-known figure in the Yorkshire lanes, and rides in a dark-green cloth coat and skirt, relieved by a pretty pink woollen shirt, and a tall felt hat with waving plumes. I think these shirts in a mixture of silk and wool are charming for cycling, being light and warm, and the colours are always so bright and fascinating.

In last week's issue of *The Sketch*, under the illustration of the Cleveland Cycle Rooms a typographical error was made in using the word Ormonde instead of Cleveland.

TWO STORIES.

Marie Zimmermann locks in the breast of a dainty, blonde, romantic Gretchen—daughter of a worthy, sentimental German father, and an impulsive Italian mother—"Lady Croome's Secret" (W. H. Addison). It is well kept and well told. Sweet little Gretchen has out of gratitude married staid, correct, middle-aged Sir Nicholas Croome, of Croome Court, Croomeswold, Kent, and crossed the sea to flutter her wings against the cold conventions of English propriety. An heir is born to the baronet, who is a doting father, but not an exacting husband. He wakes up with a vengeance, and likewise breaks down with shame, to find that Lady Croome is frequently meeting a stranger, seemingly a long-haired, yellow-bearded German student, in a leafy solitude in the grounds of Croome Court. He has the humiliation of seeing them say good-bye in a passionate embrace. Her ladyship is denounced and disgraced, and may not attempt to explain. She flees by night and takes her little boy. The heart-broken father nearly dies from the shock, but the young wife hardens her heart at the thought of his outrageous suspicions, and for long will not return. At last she does, and her secret is told. The stranger was her own flighty mother, who had years before run off from her German home, and whose disguise was donned because she had in jealousy stabbed a rival for the love of the Italian she had eloped with. The disguised one, unhappily, had seemed to Sir Nicholas and his friends an earlier student suitor. The explanations are satisfactory, and we leave the baronet and his lady happier from a better understanding of each other after their troubles than ever they were before.

"Crowned with Fennel" (Routledge) might have been a good story. It is the tale of a girl who marries, voluntarily separates herself from her husband, and goes abroad for an erring brother's sake, loses her reason, recovers it, but not her memory, and marries another man to whom she is as a sister, finally returning to the arms of her rightful lord. The real pathos of the situation lies, of course, in the renunciation of the second husband, but it can scarcely be said that even there the author makes out a perfectly satisfactory case. Some pieces of the underplot are, however, truthfully rendered, and all the characters have strong individuality.

THE NATIONAL SHOW.

BY OUR STANLEY SHOW CORRESPONDENT.

The sixth annual exhibition under the direction of the Cycle Manufacturers' Trade Protection Association was opened at the Crystal Palace on Friday last. Two big annual shows have become quite a recognised institution, and the magnificent display of cycles and cycle accessories to be found during the present week at Sydenham is an ample justification for their existence.

In many ways the Crystal Palace is an ideal building for the purpose, and, if only the organ would keep itself quiet and the journey to and from the building did not occupy so much time, few better places could have been found.

As at the display under the auspices of the Stanley Club, it may be said that there is no abundance of striking novelties. The Quadrant gear is an attempt, on somewhat new lines, to supersede the chain. Juvenile machines are to be found on nearly every stand, snappy Yankee notions are conspicuous by their absence, while disc hubs appear to be carrying all before them. The average standard of excellence at the National Show of 1897 is certainly very high, and while I may perhaps say that no individual exhibit can be found at the Crystal Palace which exceeds the displays made by Elswick or Humber at the Agricultural Hall, I think that the average of the exhibits is, on the whole, higher than it was at the Stanley Show.

In one thing at least the authorities at the Crystal Palace manage things better than the Stanley people: they always succeed in having the exhibition ready on the opening day, for, if not quite complete, at least it is so near perfection that the poor newspaper correspondent can do his work from the actual data, and not from his fertile imagination, aided by a more or less complete account of what may be expected before the end of the show, hastily given by some stall assistant. For this much, at least, we are thankful to Mr. Peach.

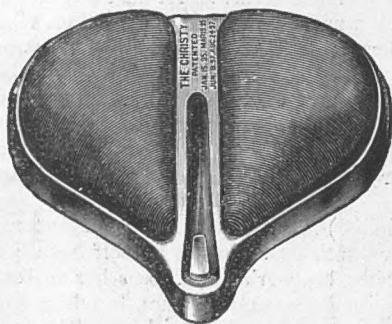
A FEW OF THE NOTABLE EXHIBITS.

THE QUADRANT CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 188).—Here, as usual, a fine display of cycles is to be found, fitted with the single-bearing pedal and other specialities of this firm. A very nice tricycle, with removable top bar, so that it can be adapted to a lady's use, is shown; but, of course, the attraction which brings the multitude, is the chainless machines fitted with Lloyd's cross-roller gear. I have never seen any cog gear which can compare with Mr. Lloyd's invention, which may be summarised by saying it is to the ordinary bevel gear what the roller chain is to the common block. I do not believe in *any* bevel gear, but, if I must perforce ride it in some form, the Quadrant pattern is the thing I should select. America may exploit cog-wheels at fancy prices, but the net price to the buyer of a Quadrant chainless is to be £22.

THE TRIUMPH CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 193).—One of the finest displays of a first-rate English cycle. Three grades are shown, which vary in net price from about £23 for the Imperial Triumph to about £15 for the Royal. The highest-class machine is fitted with disc adjusting hubs, celluloid or metal gear-cases, and the Morse chain, of which I ventured to write in somewhat enthusiastic terms when dealing with the Stanley Show. In ordering an Imperial Triumph, great stress should be laid on getting this chain. On the second- and third-grade machines, Appleby block chains and cup and cone hubs are fixed. All machines are fitted with the Dunlop tyres, nor can any other make be obtained by a special order.

THE SWIFT CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 50).—As usual, the Swift people are making a very attractive display. Three grades of machines, called respectively the "Swift," the "Club Swift," and the "Popular Swift," are shown. In the case of ladies' mounts, the first and second grades are made with one straight and one bent tube, while in the case of the third grade the objectionable single bent tube is replaced by a double-tube pattern. Cup and cone bearings, and in almost all cases block chains, are used. It is almost unnecessary to say Dunlop tyres are alone mounted. Upon the stand a quad, a couple of tandems, and several tricycles will be found. All the Swift roadsters are fitted with 30-inch steering-wheels, except in the case of ladies' machines, where the size is 28-inch. Upon this stand will be found one of the few machines exhibited with a bent seat-tube, the object of which I confess I do not understand.

THE CHRISTY SADDLE COMPANY (Stand No. 257) have an attractive display of anatomical saddles of their well-known pattern in fine models.



THE CHRISTY SADDLE.

Diagrams of the human frame are exhibited disclosing the dangers of using any other form of seat than that sold by the company. As I know more about the anatomy of a bicycle than of the human body, I will pass no opinion upon them.

THE ELLIPTIC CYCLE COMPANY (Stand 140) are exhibiting a number of machines with a new gear. There is no bottom bracket, but the pedal works by a lever on the driving-wheel, where, by an elliptical sun and planet motion, the pedal's path is so regulated that, instead of

describing a circle, it travels in a D-shaped arc with the straight line for the upward path, the theory being that there is then no dead-centre,

for by the time one pedal has reached the bottom the other is over the top. A most ingenious brake is shown on this stand, which acts on the sides of the tyre of the front wheel by a twisting action.

THE NEW RAPID CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 39).—All the machines on this stand have been remodelled; any tyre will be fitted, although, of course, Mr. Charles Palmer's close connection with the Tubeless Tyre Company inclines the firm to push this make. Net prices are given in the company's catalogue, a practice which ought to be universal. Flat back-stays and block chains are the standard, but twin rollers will be fitted if ordered. The frames are made in five different heights, to suit every class of rider. Equal wheels and cup and cone hubs appear to be the prevailing fashion on this stand. Prices range from £17 10s. to £13 net.

THE NEW CENTAUR COMPANY (Stand No. 45).—Among the pioneers of disc hubs, the Centaurs of 1898 will clearly be found equal to the company's reputation. Wood rims or steel, at the purchaser's option, are supplied, and any tyre, while the tandem with a lady's seat

MR. C. PALMER.
THE TUBELESS TYRE AND NEW RAPID COMPANY.

in front is bound to be a most rigid mount, with a frame resembling C. W. Brown's well-known ladies' pattern. A path-racer is shown with double back-stays on both sides, which looks both light and serviceable.

THE COVENTRY CROSS CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 31).—The display of this well-known make is worthy of its reputation. A tandem, with the lady's seat behind, fitted with double back-stays and well braced, is shown, and two grades of both gentleman's and lady's singles. Both forms of the latter are built on the well-known Humber braced-frame pattern. On the first grade Garrard's twin roller chains and disc hubs are fitted, while cup and cone bearings and block chains do duty on the second grade. A very neat foot-rest is used, and Carter gear-cases. Only Dunlop tyres appear in the show.

H. MILLER AND Co. (Stand No. 268).—I was disappointed to find that the new Acetylene lamp, of which there had been so much talk, was not being shown; but a very nice lamp called the Petro, burning paraffin, took its place, while the well-known Litho and other forms made by this company were well displayed.

THE SINGER CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 16).—Of course, the Singer Company make a brave show with their "Special Grand" and Model de Luxe machines. Several models are fitted with wood rims, and two very neat Pedersen-framed machines are exhibited, which, it is needless to say, appear to be a big attraction. Some day I hope I may see disc hubs on these fine machines, and perhaps the double bent-tube ladies' frames may be sent the way of many other abominations of which the last few years have for ever seen the end.

THE NEW PREMIER CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 42).—All the machines here staged are built with the well-known Helical tubes for which the firm is famous. On the highest grades half-inch pitch roller-chains are fitted, and the frames are made in three sizes. The company allows its customers to select their own tyres, and a special polo-bicycle is exhibited with 26-inch wheels and a low frame. The Premier Company adopt equal wheels on all their gentlemen's machines, and the braced Humber frame on all the ladies' models.

THE ROVER CYCLE COMPANY (Stand No. 38) have provided not only a great attraction in the shape of all three grades of their well-known mounts, but a fine display of silver cups and other trophies won by riders of Rover machines during the past season. The "Cob" machine should be popular with riders who are not so active as they once were. The bearings are, on the lower-grade machines, of the cup and cone type, and, on the Imperial Rovers, of an oil-retaining kind which is a modification of the now popular disc adjusting hub. Roller chains are fitted to the best machines.

THE PEDERSEN WORKS (Stand No. 222).—This stand is devoted to the cantilever, and upon it will be found Mr. Pedersen's first machine, made of lance-wood and jointed by wire-bound splicings. A tandem looks very peculiar, and is, we believe, the only one of its kind ever made. Twenty-six or twenty-four inch wheels are used on the various machines, no mud-guards, and unadjustable handles. The price of the cantilever bicycle will be £30 net.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY (Stands Nos. 336 and 337).—The patterns which have been so successful during the past season are not altered. It is almost unnecessary to say that the workmanship and material are as good as ever. If any reader finds difficulty with Dunlop tyres, let him spend ten minutes in the Roman Court.

THE TUBELESS TYRE COMPANY (Stand No. 317).—This exhibit appears to be very popular with the general public, if I can judge by the number of people I saw round the stand. The Fleuss tyre has certainly caught on; but it is not so easy to manipulate in wet and dirty weather as you might imagine from the way it is played with by the assistants at the Crystal Palace.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Dec. 13.

MONEY.

No alteration having been made in the official rate by the Bank of England directors on Thursday last, it remains at 3 per cent. Rates are getting somewhat harder, and, as the end of the year approaches, this tendency will become more pronounced, as there will be the usual demand for money by joint-stock banks for balance purposes. There is no special feature in the Bank Return for the week. The result of the various movements is to lower the reserve by about half-a-million, reducing its proportion to liabilities from 49.7 per cent. to 48.95 per cent.

HOME RAILS.

This market is fairly down in the dumps at present, the engineering strike and the threatened trouble with the railway employes exercising a very depressing influence upon it. We are hopeful, however, that both these disturbing elements will be soon removed, and then there would be a chance of Home Rails finding their true level in values. Barring any unforeseen difficulties, there should be fairly substantial increases in dividend distributions for the current half-year, as the traffic receipts week by week are still mounting upwards. The aggregate increases for the twenty-two weeks have now assumed big proportions, and fully bear out the prospect of higher dividends. Thus we find that the Great Western increase is as much as £170,000, London and North-Western, £125,981; North-Eastern, £117,140; Midland, £95,929; Great Eastern, £85,516; London and South-Western, £85,279, and so on. Of course, prices in this department will also be regulated to a great extent by the course of the Money Market; but we hardly think there is any immediate fear of a big advance in rates. At any rate, a settlement of the labour difficulties would, we think, do more than compensate for dearer money should it happen to become the order of the day.

THE PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

Our sympathies are with the holders of securities in this ill-fated concern. There is not a single crumb of comfort to be picked out of the report recently issued. The usual crop of rumours about a pending settlement with the Peruvian Government and the adjustment of that country's finances by a French syndicate have been current during the period covered by the report, but we fail to find in that document any reasonable hope of such a settlement being arrived at, or of the Government finances being placed on a better basis. Indeed, the prospects of the corporation are very black, and although at the first blush the net profits for the year, after deducting debenture interest, &c., would appear to be larger than they were a year ago, they are in reality less after making the necessary allowance for the reduction on debenture interest. What astonishes us is that the market appraisal of the debentures should be as high as it at present stands. The preference and ordinary shares, of course, have for a considerable time now been practically employed merely as gambling counters. The debentures have been as high as 48½ during the current year, and the present price is round about 40.

MISSOURI, KANSAS, AND TEXAS.

As there is a fair amount of British capital invested in this undertaking, it may be interesting to give a few particulars as to its position and prospects. The fact of its 100-dollar shares standing at the low figure of about 14 will give a fair idea of what value the public place upon these prospects. The highest point touched during the current year has been 17½, and the lowest 10½, while in 1896 they fluctuated between 15½ and 8½. So much for the market value. The total funded debt of the company amounts to 60,143,000 dollars. Bonds of other railways amount to 12,212,000 dollars, Four per Cent. Preferred stock to 13,000,000 dollars, and Common stock to 52,450,000 dollars, while the total mileage of the company is 2197. Turning to the figures presented with the last annual report, we find that they are far from encouraging. It is useless to seek to analyse them, for it is perfectly obvious that, to put it mildly, they have not been compiled with a view to that process being facilitated. The traffic returns since the date of the last report show fairly satisfactory progress, but there is a lot of leeway to be made up before the company does anything to intrinsically justify even the present rubbish price of its shares.

A CHILIAN STATE BANK.

Chili is thirsting for a State Bank—at least, a section of the community is—but we do not think the project is likely to come to maturity. A Bill has been presented to the Senate for the establishment of this bank, with a capital of 50,000,000 dollars in 500,000 fully paid up shares of 100 dollars each. The author of the Bill is Senator D. Fernandez Concha, ex-president of the Bank of Santiago, which institution came to grief a short time ago. As we gather that the proposed bank is to be based in a large measure upon the assets of defunct banks in the Republic, we hardly think there is much in the scheme to commend itself. It is considered by reliable authorities on the spot that the chances of the Bill going through are very remote.

CARDIFF SHIPPING.

As illustrating the wonderful strides made by Cardiff as a coal-shipping port, we find from the latest published statistics that it has

now worked itself into the second largest shipper in the United Kingdom of coal coastwise, the premier position being held by Newcastle. With regard to foreign shipments, this Welsh port is far and away ahead of all rivals. Thus for the month of October it shipped as many as 1,007,696 tons, while the next largest was Newcastle with only 244,189 tons. A steady increase in the Cardiff business is going on month by month, the extent of which will be gathered from the fact that, comparing the shipments for the past ten months with those of 1896, there is an increase of 448,242 tons in the foreign and 401,481 tons in the coastwise shipments respectively.

WESTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

Our late Westralian correspondent sends us the following interesting letter, which will answer the queries of many correspondents—

Bottomley may sing his sweetest songs and Whittaker Wright may pipe his bravest notes, but the investor is not lured out. He sits snug and will not buy. This is remarkably annoying, but what can we do? All the puffs in the world will not make a man buy mining shares when he wants threads, and not even a copy of the *Joint-Stock Circular* will induce a holder of Brewery debentures to exchange into "Northern Terrors." The two big shops have been screwing the matter up for the past two months, until they can screw no longer, and now, as the shopmen lie panting and pale from their long-continued efforts, the whole thing goes limp as a pin-pricked bladder. We can quite understand the drop in Lake Views—the shop is no longer interested in keeping up the price: it has unloaded all it wants to. It has put prices to such a figure that the Bullion Syndicate and those who came to the aid of Whittaker Wright when he wanted money to pay dividends upon London and Globes have been able, if they so desired, to get out of their Lake Views at a handsome profit. The public cannot gamble in such heavy stocks. The strength of the Mining Market is always composed of small country investors who, having made a few hundreds more than they expected out of their business, are ready to buy low-priced shares and wait for the rise. Such people do not handle Lake Views, Ivanhoes, or Boulders. They may speculate in New Boulders perhaps. There is no Hatton Garden at the back of the Westralian Market; only a timorous country investor, always asking his financial editor foolish questions. We had hoped that the really brilliant record would have tempted people to take another plunge, but our hopes have been blighted. The prospects of Western Australia never looked better. Sir John Forrest would begin his water scheme if he were quite certain he could obtain the money in England. He is not likely to ask for three or four millions when the market is sick. He cannot afford to run any risks, and he is, therefore, borrowing what he wants for his immediate needs in the colony itself, and by the issue of Treasury Bills. The opening up of the land between Albany and Northam, which has resulted from the purchase of the Great Southern Railway, has given an impetus to trade in Albany, and the flotation of the timber companies has given new life to an industry which is profitable to the colony in the immediate present, and will be of immense service in the future by clearing some of the best agricultural land in the whole of Australia. There is no foolish boom on the tapis, but a steady development is going on in all branches of trade. People are now beginning to realise that mining in Western Australia must eventually come down to an ounce per ton basis, and they are gradually reducing working expenses to a normal figure. Reconstruction is teaching foolish directors a very salutary lesson. We have not yet begun to see a real shake-out—that has got to come. But not a week passes but some West Australian company or another asks its shareholders for more capital, and this perpetual pulling at the pocket tends to keep prices at a reasonable level. There are dozens of mines which have the best of reputations gradually running short of funds, and that must reconstruct sooner or later. Many will pay upon a reasonable capital. Some are, of course, hopeless. I have from time to time pointed out those which I think have little or no chance of success; it is with regret that I have not been able to name many that appear sound mining investments. On the whole, we may congratulate ourselves; I have been wrong pretty often, but right perhaps more often. Here is a short list of companies which are dealt in pretty regularly and my candid opinion. I am not infallible, but I know just a point more about Australia than the average speculator or broker.

Lake View.—A cheap purchase at present prices; can crush 10,000 tons a month with present plant, and for many months Callahan could, if he wished, turn out 20,000 ounces.

Ivanhoe.—Looks well, but is not sufficiently developed just yet to rival the Lake View.

Boulder.—Has a good asset in the tailings—probably almost as good an asset as the mine, which, though rich in places, has some weak spots.

Brownhill.—More experimental machinery. They will never do any good with this really fine mine until they decide to smelt. They have no water, and are afraid to crush, as the gold is so fine. The ore makes bad slimes. It looks very much as though all the working capital would be wasted.

Kalgurli.—Has three remarkably rich shoots or chimnies of ore and some strangely barren spots.

Hainault.—Hear that they are at last developing this rich surface show. They put the cart before the horse here, and the shareholders will have to suffer accordingly.

Golden Link.—They have not got the dip of the Lake View lode yet, and, as the reef goes down vertical, do not seem likely to get it.

Star.—Nothing very wonderful. They have about an ounce show, which will not pay as they are mining to-day at Hannan's.

Boulder Main Reef.—At the 74-foot level north of main shaft there may be 1000 tons of oxidised ore which will pay to crush. A cross-cut to the west has opened up a fair body of stone, also payable. At the lowest level the ore is patchy. The live ores require smelting. The manager knows his business, but the eyes have been picked out of the mine and the ore crushed in a ridiculous old battery at high cost. Prospects are not brilliant.

Reefers Eureka.—How is it that no one has taken this mine in hand? It is a far better show than dozens of the higher-priced ones. Now that Kaufman has left the London and Globe and started on his own account, I suggest this as his first purchase.

Lake View South.—Well managed, but a poor mine, with bad machinery.

Lake View Extended.—Have not heard that anything payable has yet been struck here.

Australia.—This mine still continues rich. The ore requires smelting, but the reef runs two ounces all through as an average; the mine is one of the best on Hannan's Field.

The Golden Horseshoe.—This is a good mine, but the price seems high considering the developments.

At Menzies there are no new developments to note. The cost of crushing is so high that those mines which have mills running cannot do more than pay working expenses. Queensland Menzies is possibly the richest surface-deposit, but at depth, where the live ore is reached, they will have to smelt. Crusoe can

only just manage to pay its way, and the Lady Shenton reef pinches out in a terrifying manner. Here, again, they must not expect to be able to treat their deep ores by means of a battery. There are a lot of local shows at Menzies which are plodding along and doing good work.

At Yalgoo, our old friend, the Emerald, has done well, and should do better. It has a good asset in its tailings—say, £10,000—but the Venture crowd appear to have got sick of their Jokers and Joker Props, as, indeed, I prophesied they would. But they are working the Victoria United at Melville, a nice little reef going all through about 15 or 16 dwt.

Mainland Consols is a patchy, perilous mine, and not looking well. I hear well of some of the Mount Margaret shows, also that one or two of the Cue mines are doing better at depth. But I am not inclined to puff them till more is known about them.

At Coolgardie I hear that the Londonderry people are going down on the same old shoot, and getting almost enough stone to keep their battery going. The Rome Consols close by is, by latest advices from Professor Nicholas, also looking well, as is Burbank's, another of the Professor's favourites. Out in Bonnie Vale the Westralia is now the best mine, and the reef, which I described very fully more than a year ago, has given some fairly good crushings. If they can get enough water in this mine, it should almost pay a dividend. But, alas, those huge capitals! Why will promoters strangle their infants even at their birth?

VICTORIAN BANKING RETURNS.

There is nothing very encouraging in the Victorian banking averages for the quarter ended Sept. 30. It must not be forgotten, however, that this particular season of the year is generally a quiet one. Deposits, both free and fixed, show a decrease in the aggregate of £724,834, advances are lower by £140,235, while there are also declines of lesser magnitude in notes in circulation and coin and bullion. With the near approach of the pastoral, dairy, and agricultural season, banking business is likely to become more active. The prospects of the season are said to be moderately favourable as regards quantities and distinctly promising as regards export prices.

THE QUEENSLAND INVESTMENT AND LAND MORTGAGE COMPANY.

It has been our unpleasant duty to refer to the revelations which have been lately made in connection with the Queensland National Bank, and, although the story of the Queensland Investment Company is not quite such scandalous reading, it is, in all conscience, bad enough. Let us not be misunderstood—no blame is to be attached to the present board. Mr. Nathaniel Spens, Sir Henry Seymour King, and their colleagues came to the rescue when the mischief was done, and it is not their fault that the nineteenth Annual Report was such dismal reading. It has taken the new directors several years to learn the extent of the legacy of woe which was left them by the McIlwraith-Drury gang: perhaps they might have found out the true wickedness of their predecessors a little sooner; but, after all, we forgive them for being slow to believe stories which may well have seemed incredible to honest English gentlemen.

The meeting could not be an inspiring affair when the report and balance-sheet were such depressing reading, but at least the latter document is so framed as to make the most stupid shareholders understand the position. The mortgages with the interest derived from them are set out, while even the amount of arrears appears for all who read to learn. The sum of £202,299 is lent in Queensland, producing a net £12,600 by way of interest, and with £1459 of arrears; £33,958 on mortgage in South Australia yields a net £2064, with £368 of arrears. The pastoral properties, representing £174,000 in Queensland, appear to yield no income at all, while £107,000, representing the same class of property in South Australia, appears to yield £2645 by way of profit. Other properties producing income in Queensland are set down at £285,000, and the return is £10,968, while in South Australia £29,084 invested produces only £804 by way of annual income. All this is gloomy enough, but it is clear from the balance-sheet, and from the chairman's speech, that the terminable debentures are now reduced to manageable size, and can be dealt with by moneys in hand in this country, while there is, on the most pessimistic estimate, enough security to cover the permanent debenture stock, and leave a handsome margin. That the shareholders will ever recover their losses is admittedly improbable, but the creditors are amply secure, and there is something over—how much depends on the seasons, the price of wool, cattle, and a dozen other things, which are quite outside the power of any board of directors to control.

THE NEW ZEALAND JOINT-STOCK TRUST.

Last week, we ventured to hint that Mr. Robert Jewell's circular offering to sell shares in this company was ill-advised, and, as the result of our criticism, we are pleased to print a concise note which we have received, and which shows that our efforts have been rewarded with more speedy success than we anticipated—

DEAR SIR,—Having in view the disfavour with which my proposal on the 24th inst., respecting New Zealand Joint Stocks, has been received by the Market, as shown in the steady decline in the price of the shares, I have decided to recall it and to return all cheques.—Yours faithfully, ROBERT JEWELL.

This is as it should be, but what if anybody refuses to let Mr. Robert Jewell off? He made an offer, and those who accepted it can insist on the bargain if they like.

THE "INVESTOR'S REVIEW."

Mr. Wilson has produced a very good number of the *Investor's Review* to wind up the issue in monthly parts. Next year the periodical will be published weekly. The article on Indian Currency

is thoughtful and well written, while the pricking of the Consolidated Goldfields bubble is both scathing and brilliant, and should be read by everybody interested in the "Kaffir Circus." For laboured sarcasm of a kind which, we suppose, appeals to a Scottish editor, we can recommend "The Story of a Prospectus," although we doubt if the average person will be able to wade through the ponderous jokes and elephantine fun with which Mr. Richard Roe, its author, embellishes his narrative. The Notes, criticisms of balance-sheets, and index to new investments all contain useful reading-matter.

THE TUBELESS TYRE COMPANY'S CIRCULAR.

The tyre trade seems to have a most demoralising influence on everybody engaged in it. The grandiloquent circular which the manager of the Amalgamated Tyre Company sent to his shareholders the other day was so silly that we could only suppose it was another example of the old proverb, "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad." The most pressing danger from which the great Dunlop Company suffers is the policy of its directors, and now the writer has received an effusion sent out by the Tubeless Tyre Company which for fatuous folly exceeds the wildest dreams of our imagination. It begins with a statement that the company finds the writer's name on the list of shareholders of a certain cycle company (name not given) trading in Coventry which is unfriendly to the Tubeless Tyre. Now, to begin with, the writer is not a shareholder in any cycle company trading in Coventry, so that there was no excuse for sending it at all. It goes on to beg the shareholders in this hypothetical concern to bring pressure to bear on the board to fight against monopolies, and points at the general wickedness of the Dunlop Company's methods, and the necessity for cycle company shareholders to bring this truth home to their directors.

If the strength of a board and the weakness of an unorganised body of shareholders was ever exemplified, we should have thought the Tubeless Tyre people would have seen it at their own meeting, which took place last month; and how they imagine any benefit is going to accrue to them by some feeble person making a rambling statement at the meeting of, let us say, the Swift Cycle Company, and getting sat upon by Mr. Du Cros, we entirely fail to understand.

What folly to expose your weakness by such childish tactics as a circular of this kind represents! We expected better things of Mr. Charles Palmer, especially after the way he handled his meeting the other day. Sometimes even the gods are caught nodding!

ISSUES.

Madame Val Smith, Limited.—This is a Liverpool millinery business established twelve years ago, and now offered to the public with a share capital of £100,000 and 30,000 4 per cent. first mortgage debentures. In our opinion it is a most undesirable investment. The auditors' report professes to give the profits each year for the last four years, but contains a statement that no stock has been taken. How profits can be ascertained without stock-taking we are at a loss to understand. It seems to be a case of buying a goodwill at ten years' purchase and getting nothing else for your money.

George Whybrow, Limited.—This is a company formed to purchase and carry on the old-established business of Whybrow's pickles. The capital consists of £60,000 in 12,000 shares of £5 each. The purchase price is to be £29,370, and, although it is not quite clear, it seems that £20,000 of this is to be taken in shares. If we are wrong in this assumption, perhaps the directors will correct our mistake, which we have no doubt will be shared by many other people who read the prospectus.

Saturday, Dec. 4, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

UNDERWRITER.—(1) We fear not. (2) We should urge our readers not to take shares. (3) There is no concern which exclusively underwrites; but most of the Trust Companies will take a line of anything good. The Exploration Company and dozens of other concerns combine underwriting with promotion. You do not appreciate the difficulty, which is that, however big the capital, any company which made a business of nothing but underwriting would soon get full of unrealisable paper, and, even if the stuff were all good, might have to wait years before being able to turn it into cash.

ASCHOLME.—We made the announcement on the strength of a specific statement to us by a director.

T. F. M.—We wrote in answer to your letter on Nov. 29.

F. S. G.—Your letter was replied to on the 1st inst.

H. B. B.—After your shares are forfeited, you are only liable for calls made before the forfeiture, not for those made afterwards, but you cannot thus simply get out of your liability unless the company is willing to forfeit the shares, which is most improbable, and can only be done for non-payment of calls already overdue.

G. N.—(1) We have a poor opinion of the Rim Company. (2) Write your investment in the Commemoration Syndicate off as a bad debt. We think it is in liquidation. Have a search made at the Joint Stock Registry, Somerset House.

CONSTANT READER.—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. (1) A fair speculation. (2) Too new to enable us to form any reliable opinion. (3) If you can get an allotment you will be able to make a good profit. The pref. shares appear likely to prove a profitable investment.

INEXPERIENCED.—As industrial risks, all three are very fair. We presume you want to invest your money at a fair rate of interest, and we see no reason why you should not hold the shares to bring you a reasonable return.

F. C. P.—(1) The crushings have been disappointing; the mine is well situated, and probably something will give good results. They would be a good speculation if there was any life in the West Australian Market. (2) We continue to hear that the mine is all right, but we are not in love with the shares. It is a speculation. Read our West Australian letter of this week; perhaps some of the shares mentioned there would suit you better.